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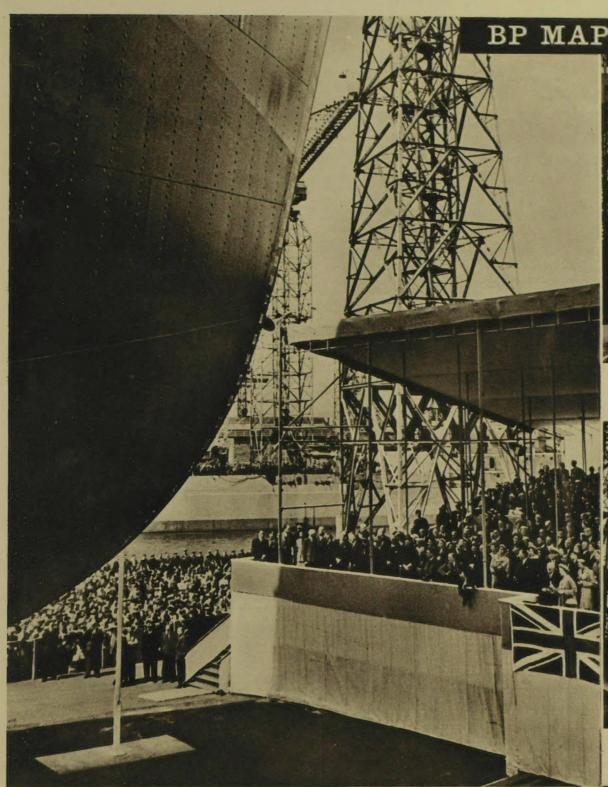
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THE FUTURE

There she goes! H.R.H. The Duchess of Gloucester names her 'British Duchess', and down the slipway and into the Clyde moves the first of BP's 42,000-ton tankers.



Full steam ahead. This funnel will be fitted to 'British Duchess' just as soon as they start work on her again; which will be only minutes after she is launched.

Clydebank launches first 42,000-ton tanker

At 1.14 p.m. on Monday, 2nd June, with a roar of hawsers and a great cheer from the hundreds thronging Clydebank, the first 42,000-ton tanker ever built by a British firm for a British fleet slid gracefully down the slipway. H.R.H. The Duchess of Gloucester had launched—BRITISH DUCHESS.

BUILT by John Brown of Clydebank (they built both the Queen Mary and the Queen Elizabeth) this ship, on order to The BP Tanker Company, is the biggest tanker yet to be built in Britain to sail under the British flag.

Second only to the Queen Mary

The British Duchess is a mighty ship indeed. In fact, as Sir James

McNeill, Managing Director of John Brown & Co., said at her launching, "When she is completed, her displacement tonnage for vessels under the British flag will be second only to the Queen Mary".

But BP plans far bigger ships than this. Others now building or on order include six 42,000-ton sister ships to the British Duchess, 12 other vessels of 50,000 tons and 7 giants of 65,000 tons.

Oil supplies doubled?

Within the next 10 years Britain may have to double her oil supplies. The British Petroleum Company is making sure that not only is the oil found and brought to the surface and refined, but that there are ships to carry it. Ships like the British Duchess are even further proof of how confidently BP plans for the future.





Ever stopped to consider what goes into a 'FIBERITE' packing case—besides your product? A lot of hard thinking, based on immense experience, to give you the best protection at the lowest cost. We of Thames Board Mills—the only manufacturers of 'FIBERITE' cases—keep costs down by making the best use of materials. Some goods need the sturdy protection of solid fibreboard, others demand the shock resistance of corrugated. Some need both, and as we are the largest manufacturers of board in the country, we can advise with an open mind what is best for the product. Perhaps that's why so many manufacturers rely on 'FIBERITE' packing cases.





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IN THEIR EYES—THE SEARING GLARE OF RED-HOT STEEL IN THEIR EARS—THE ENDLESS ROAR OF THE ROLLING MILL



MR. R. MARKS WORKS AT FIRTH-VICKERS, WHERE HIS FATHER ROLLED THE FIRST STAINLESS STEEL SHEET IN BRITAIN. TODAY FIRTH-VICKERS MAKE OVER 40 DIFFERENT KINDS OF STAINLESS STEEL.

These men may be changing your life

Scientific journalist J. Stubbs Walker reports from Sheffield on work that could prepare for space travel—or change your shaving habits. Pictures by Ivor Sharp.

TRASH OR TREASURE? Between finger and thumb, a white-coated laboratory assistant holds a grey and grubby lump no bigger than a hazel nut.

It may be valueless. It may be worth an industrial fortune. Almost certainly it is unique – a new kind of steel.

If it is trash the steel men will soon know. In the laboratories here in Sheffield (the home of very special steels for very special jobs) they will stretch it, squeeze it, heat it, freeze it, twist and tear at it, soak it in fuming corrosives. To prove that the grubby grey lump really is treasure may take longer. Sometimes years.

But whatever the tests prove, the steel men (a proud and individual race) consider it worth while. It "improves the breed" of steel. The hazel nut of experimentation could make it possible to build more powerful rockets, faster aeroplanes or — who knows? — space-travelling moons. Or it could alter the shaving habits of the world by enabling more bristles to be cut with every blade!

SMALL ORDERS MATTER JUST AS MUCH

Steel is essential for the speeds of to-morrow

because conventional aircraft metals soften and crumble as they reach the heat barrier. Aircraft of the immediate future will be all steel – *special* steel. Thanks to the white-coated laboratory men and the sweating experts at the furnace, Sheffield has the metal now.

The striking thing in the steel business is the trouble everyone takes. One Sheffield firm produces 500 different specifications of metal. They have been making some of the world's toughest tool steel for a hundred years. Yet the tapping of a furnace is still an Event.

Each customer is an individual, even though his regular order is for only half-a-hundredweight of "difficult" metal twice a year.

THE ROOM WHERE NO CLEANER IS ALLOWED

The steel men achieve their advances in surprising ways. You may think of steel being tempered by heat; but the laboratories of United Steel are working on a stainless alloy that doubles its tensile strength by being *frozen* to minus 70 degrees C.

The steel laboratories are among the most advanced in Industry. Every new metal must be

tested in a dozen ways. Most important is the amount of "creep" or deformation of the metal under load. It calls for tests which may go on literally for years.

Rows of creep-testing instruments are housed in a room where no cleaner is ever allowed. Delicate halfpenny-sized mirrors reflect light beams to measure changes in length in the metal as small as two-millionths of an inch. The careless flick of a duster could disturb the mirrors and ruin a year's work.

The endless roar of the rolling mills, the brainjerking shock of multi-ton hammers all suggest an industry of brawny violence. But behind it there is a refined understanding of the meaning of milligrams, of the precise control of temperatures. Sheffield has always taken trouble over its steel.

This report was commissioned by the British Iron and Steel Federation, which believes that everyone should know the facts about steel, and the men making it.



Scientists at the Swinden Laboratories of United Steel study the behaviour of air currents in a Perspex model of a furnace.



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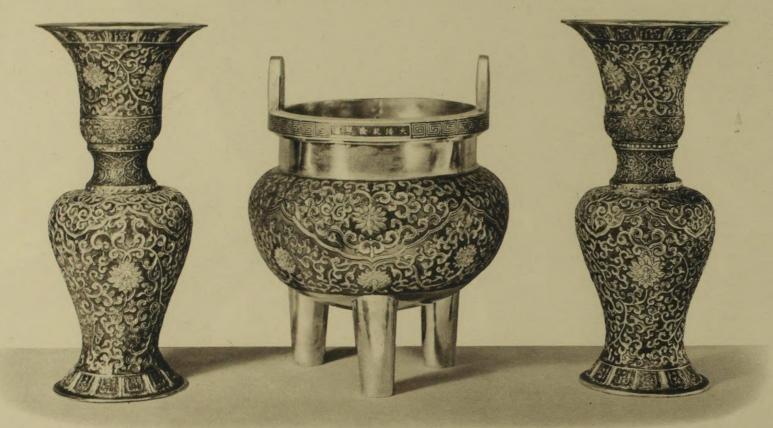
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TO H.R.H. THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH





Imperial incense burner and vases in solid silver, decorated in repoussé on a lapis lazuli blue enamel background, the rim of the incense burner bearing the reign mark of the Emperor Ch'ien Lung. From the Temple of Heaven, Pekin. 18th century, Chinese incense burner: 11\frac{3}{4} ins. high. Vases: 12\frac{3}{4} ins. high.

What's the torque in Turkey?

Under the enamel, minaret-needled sky of Turkey are two places of the greatest importance to men who use pneumatic equipment: the offices of the Holman Organisation, in Istanbul and Ankara.

From these offices pneumatic equipment is supplied to sites all over Turkey. Equipment that works hard and long and unfalteringly: that cuts running cost to rock bottom. And it is running cost, you know, that is the *real* cost of pneumatic equipment.

But there is more to the Holman

service than the supply and maintenance of machinery. In Istanbul, in Ankara and in the main centres of eighty-odd countries, Holman staffs include consultants qualified in every industry where pneumatic equipment can be used. And back at Camborne there is the Holman mine where every mining tool made is tested under rigorous operational conditions.

With all this behind it, is it any wonder that every Holman tool repays its initial cost many times over during its long life?

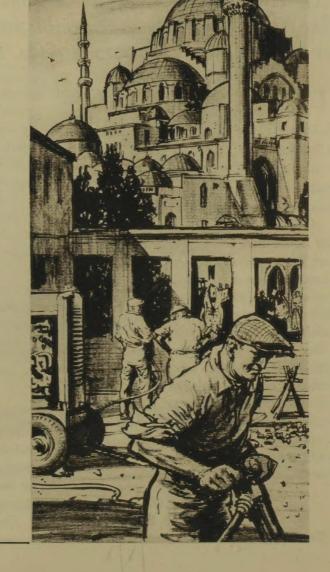


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SATURDAY, JUNE 28, 1958.





THE WORST BRIDGE DISASTER IN CANADA SINCE 1907: THE VANCOUVER TRAGEDY IN WHICH AT LEAST EIGHTEEN MEN DIED. ABOVE, AN AERIAL VIEW, AND BELOW, RESCUE WORK IN THE WRECKAGE OF THE NEW SECOND NARROWS BRIDGE.

Eighteen men were known to have died and twenty more were taken to hospital after the two outermost spans of the unfinished Second Narrows Bridge, Vancouver, British Columbia, on which they were working, collapsed on June 17. The accident took place just as a new anchor span, which might have saved the two sections from collapsing, was about to be welded into position. After the accident, an official

investigation was immediately started. Since the construction of the bridge began, four lives had already been lost through accidents. The bridge is designed to carry six lanes of traffic, and will link Vancouver with North Vancouver, spanning part of Burrard Inlet and replacing the present low-level swing-bridge. It is the second worst bridge disaster in British Columbia and the third worst in Canadian history.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

IT has been difficult for anyone but the busstrikers to know precisely what the London bus strike has been about; it has been even, perhaps, more difficult for anyone but the dockstrikers to know what the unofficial dock strike has been about. The bus strike was called against a publicly-owned corporation to challenge an official arbitration award which, though distasteful to it, that corporation had accepted, and which gave a substantial wage increase to the majority of those striking; an early pay increase has since been virtually promised to the minority who were excluded from that award; the only people who have suffered from the strike have been the humbler wage-earners and the poor generally, who, lacking private motor-cars or friends who possess them, have had to trudge the streets on their way to work, shop or recreation instead of being carried through them in the nationally-owned omnibuses provided for their service. For all practical

purposes it has been a strike, not against the possessors of wealth, but against the public, and it is the public and the strikers themselves who alone have had, and will have, to pay the price for it. The red London bus has been deliberately driven by its driver and conductor against a red brick wall, and it is doubtful if it will ever wholly recover from the collision, for it looks as though the next decade will see the decline, and possibly even disappearance, of the familiar scarlet buses which for so long have adorned-and blocked-our metropolitan thoroughfares. I, for one, will be sorry for it, as I am, with the increase of years, at the passing of every familiar landmark. As for the unofficial dock strike-maybe later it will be followed by an official one-it is scarcely possible, in the whole nonsensical sequence of illogical events and incidents that have led up to and extended it, to find anyone from start to finish who has come out on strike for any direct grievance of his own instead of for some alleged grievance of some other worker. The only excuse for it that has been adduced is that a small number of lorry drivers employed in the docks had

become so aggravated by the recent statutory raising of the maximum speedlimit for heavy commercial vehicles that they demanded sweeping increases in their already high wages which it was impossible for their employers to pay. Whether this is a correct interpretation of what happened or not I do not know, for I have only read the very confused and contradictory reports that have appeared in the Press, but at least my sympathies are with anyone expected to drive lorries on the public high road faster than they are already driven. The present mania, shared unfortunately by the Ministry of Transport and the Police, for speeding up road traffic seems to me to be wholly mistaken, for the real trouble with our highways is that the pace of so many of the vehicles using them is greater than is compatible with either the proper regulation of the traffic or-what is far more important—the safety of the public. But whether the protest of a handful of drivers at this innovation—whatever the reasons for it—justifies a strike that has imperilled the nation's trade and London food supply is another matter altogether.

But the dockers and busmen alike are not concerned with the national interest. It is not

even clear that they have been concerned with They have been concerned with grievances, and, as anyone knows who has had any experience of the British working-man-to use an old-fashioned phrase—a grievance in that stubborn individual's head is about as difficult to get rid of as a mosquito in a mosquito net. There is only one thing, in my experience, to be done in such an event; either to get rid of the man or, better, to get rid of the grievance. And to do the latter, one has first to find out what the grievance is. This is not always easy, but it is indispensable. For the British workman, like almost every other kind of Briton, is a great stickler for what he regards as justice. If you can right what he believes to be unjust and show him, to his own satisfaction, that what he demands as a right is going to do an injustice to oneself or someone else, you will have gone at least nine-tenths of the way towards satisfying him.

THE SERVICE OF THE ORDER OF THE GARTER AT WINDSOR.



THE QUEEN MOTHER AND THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, IN THEIR MAGNIFICENT GARTER ROBES, LEAVING ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL. TO THE LEFT IS SIR ANTHONY EDEN.

In sunny weather, the colourful ceremony of the annual service of the Order of the Garter took place at Windsor Castle on June 16. The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh, twenty-two Knights and the one Lady of the Order, the Queen Mother, attended the service, which is held in St. George's Chapel. Among the Knights were Sir Winston Churchill and Sir Anthony Eden, and noted figures of the three Services. For the first time in this reign, no new Knights were installed at the annual service.

Professional agitators, high and low, are a great curse to mankind-and are often, though among the loudest, the basest of human creatures-and there is no lack of them in modern Britain. But they exist and thrive on real grievances, and without grievances they can effect little. refuse to believe that our present labour troubles are primarily caused by agitators or even by that corporate personification of the technique of agitation—the Communist Party. caused by the resentment of the working-man, not against his own poverty as in the past-for, mercifully, there is little of that in modern industrial Britain-but against the organisation and direction of his labour. And here, I suspect, is the real nigger in the industrial wood-pile one just as large and active in the new nationalised industries as in the old private ones. There are still "bosses" in the working-man's book of bogeys, and it is the "bosses" he is striking against, or fancies himself striking against, even where they are no other, like himself, than the salaried servants of the democracy of which he is part, and which, through his representatives

It is in Parliament, he nominally controls. authority against which he girds or, rather, the which authority is exercised and manner in the men who exercise it. And here, I believe, we touch the root of our modern industrial malaise-a failure in the arts and mechanism of personal leadership in the vast economic amalgams that the development of technical processes have brought about. And this in itself I believe to be a product of the twentieth-century failure to think about first principles and to accept names and shibboleths instead of realities. We have come to confuse leadership with administration; to suppose that because a man is master of an elaborate mechanism for calculating and recording working-hours and costs, profits and losses, he is thereby getting the best possible results out of the human material at his nominal command. In nine cases out of ten, as the present wave of strikes shows, he is not doing

anything of the kind. He may be called a manager or a director, a supervisor or an inspector, but he is no more necessarily a leader of men than, say, the Master of the King's Horse is a trainer of And men, if they are horses. grouped together in large masses for purposes of labour or any other object, need leadership. need leaders to direct and organise them whom they can look up to, who can explain the where and why of things to them in language they can understand, and in terms of an equity and morality they recognise, whose personal judgment they trust, to whose inspiration they can respond and to whom their hearts can warm. Can we say with any confidence that all, or even most of, those who direct the day-by-day running of our great nationalised corporations fulfil these conditions? are they primarily men of the office and the accounting school, men who issue written instructions, admirable enough in themselves, but without the human contact with those they order and organise to make their instructions readily understandable and intelligible One has only to consider what would happen if one tried to direct an army in war with no other leadership but that of the War

Office, the Staffs of our Army Corps, Divisions and Brigades, and the Regimental Orderly Rooms. It is not these, however admirable and essential their administrative organisation and direction, who prevail on men to be true to their duty, loyal to their corps, to face death and wounds and hardships and so win, in the only way possible, the battles for which generals and planners prepare blueprints at office tables. It is the officers and N.C.O.s who personally lead them, whose whole life is the study and practise of personal leadership, of what we call man-management, and without which the finest army in the world would quickly become a rabble. Can we be sure, with our vast modern industrial units and national corporations, that we are not in danger of forgetting just this thing and failing to provide at every level, and particularly the lowest, the one essential requirement of personal, individual leadership—that, without which, as Disraeli said, "no State is safe, without which political institutions are meat without salt, the Crown a bauble, the Church an establishment, Parliaments debating clubs and civilisation itself but a fitful and transient dream."



THE MOST NOTABLE OPERATIC SOPRANO OF TO-DAY: MADAME MARIA MENEGHINI CALLAS, WHO IS TAKING PART IN THE ROYAL OPERA HOUSE CENTENARY CELEBRATIONS AT COVENT GARDEN.

Madame Maria Meneghini Callas has established herself firmly as the outstanding prima donna of her day, and it is fitting that she has come to London to take part in the Centenary celebrations of the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden. At the Royal Gala Performance on June 10 she sang "Qui la voce..." from Bellini's "I Puritani" with notable success. A week later she made her first appearance on British Television in Granada's "Chelsea at Eight" programme. On June 20 she again won the acclaim of an enthusiastic London

audience—and of a nation-wide radio audience—when she sang Violetta in the Royal Opera House's production of Verdi's "La Traviata." For her four further performances of this part—on June 23, 26, 28 and 30—the Royal Opera House was sold out. Especially noted for her singing of the difficult title rôle in Bellini's "Norma," Madame Callas, who is American-born of Greek parentage, has become known for making the very most of her qualities, which include an outstanding sense of music and drama.

Portrait study by Houston Rogers.





CONGRATULATED BY THE QUEEN AND PRINCESS MARGARET: E. SMITH SALUTING HER CARRIAGE: HE QUEEN 'NAJESTY AFTER RIDING HER SNOW' CAT TO VICTORY IN THE ROUS MEMORIAL STAKES.

OF EDINBURGH ON THE



ON THE FINAL DAY OF ROYAL ASCOT: THE QUEEN'S SNOW CAT, RIDDEN BY E. SMITH



DRIVING DOWN THE COURSE IN AN OPEN CARRIAGE: THE QUEEN WITH THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH ON THE OPENING DAY.

ROYAL ASCOT, the four greatest days in the racing calendar, took place this year in alternating rain and sunshine. The rain did not prevent women racegoers from wearing the lightest of summer dresses and the largest of hats, though umbrellas and raincoats were always close to hand. Happily the uncertain weather did not prevent the customary Royal drive down the course in open carriages which took place each day of the meeting. On the opening day, June 17, the Queen wore a fitted lace coat over a matching blue sheath dress with a small blue hat bordered with feathers. On Hunt Cup day, when a seventeen-yearold apprentice, Peter Boothman, took the 20-1 outsider Amos to victory in the big race, her Majesty wore an ensemble



WINNING THE ROUS MEMORIAL STAKES FROM QUORUM AND SHUT UP II.

in a warm shade of apricot, while Princess Margaret wore a pink and white loose-backed chemise-line dress. On Gold Cup day the Queen had her first winner at the meeting when her three-year-old colt Restoration won the King Edward VII Stakes. In the morning the Queen, Princess Margaret, the Duchess of Norfolk, and others, had themselves raced over part of the course. On the last day of Royal Ascot there was another Royal victory when the Queen's colt Snow Cat won the Rous Memorial Stakes. This win put her Majesty, who was the only owner in the four days to win two races, at the top of the list of this season's winning owners. The Queen, who was wearing a yellow lace dress and a large yellow hat, inspected her winner in the unsaddling enclosure.



ONE OF THE MOST POPULAR OF ALL THE RACE-GOERS: SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL AT ASCOT ON THE SECOND DAY OF THE MEETING.



IN THE UNSADDLING ENCLOSURE: THE QUEEN PATTING HER COLT RESTORATION WHICH, RIDDEN BY W. H. CARR, HAD WON THE KING EDWARD VII STAKES

SCENES DURING THE FOUR GREATEST DAYS IN THE RACING CALENDAR: THE ROYAL ASCOT MEETING, AT WHICH ONLY THE QUEEN TOOK TWO PRIZES.

AN ARCHITECTURAL SURVEY: BUILDINGS OLD, NEW, REBUILT, AND PROJECTED.



PROPOSED NEW BUILDINGS FOR EXETER COLLEGE, OXFORD—FOR WHICH AN APPEAL IS BEING MADE: THE MODEL FROM THE INSIDE, THE EXISTING BUILDINGS BEING THE DARKER. An appeal is being launched by Exeter College, Oxford, for £100,000 towards the reconstruction of various old buildings (owned by the College) at corner of the Turl and High Street, to make new rooms for undergraduates. The famous bookshop on the site will be incorporated in the ground and basement floors.





THE NEW LABORATORIES OF SEVENOAKS SCHOOL, KENT, RECENTLY COMPLETED WITH THE AID OF A GRANT FROM THE INDUSTRIAL FUND FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF SCIENTIFIC EDUCATION. Considerable building extensions are in progress at Sevenoaks School at a total cost of £35,000, about £22,000 of which has been given by the Industrial Fund for the Advancement of Scientific Education in Schools. The building shown contains three laboratories.



EXETER COLLEGE'S PROPOSED NEW CORNER BLOCK OF BUILDINGS; ON THE RIGHT THE TURL FRONTAGE, ON THE LEFT THE HIGH STREET FRONT. THE FAMOUS BOOKSHOP WILL SURVIVE.

(Right.)
THE NEW EAST WINDOW OF ST. GEORGE'S
CATHEDRAL, SOUTHWARK, WHICH WAS
INSTALLED IN
JANUARY. THE REOPENING IS TO BE ON
JULY 4.

(Left.)
NOW ALMOST READY
FOR DEDICATION:
THE REBUILT ROMAN
CATHOLIC ST.
GEORGE'S CATHEDRAL, SOUTHWARK,
WHICH WAS DESTROYED IN 1941.

On July 4, 110 years after the opening of St. George's Roman Catholic Cathedral, Southwark, which was Pugin's work, it is to be reopened. It was virtually destroyed in the blitz of 1941, the only Cathedral in London and the Home Counties to suffer so; and the architect for the restoration has been Mr. Romilly Craze. The High Altar is to be dedicated on July 3 by the Bishop of Southwark, Mgr. Cyril Cowderoy.





FLOODLIT FOR THE FIRST TIME OF ITS HISTORY: THE GREAT STONES OF STONEHENGE GLOWING WITH THE LIGHTS WHICH WERE INSTALLED FOR MIDSUMMER DAY.

Throughout the summer Stonehenge is being floodlit; and this measure is in part to safeguard the monument during the present restoration activities of the Ministry of Works. At the time of writing, two of the five stones to be re-erected, Nos. 22 and 57, were already in place.

A ROUGH and ensanguined road has been trodden in Cyprus. Grim and abhorrent though the Grim and abhorrent though the spectacle has been, it has been lit by a certain ironic humour. The road has, in the past, always proved to be circular. Up the heights, down the valleys, the travellers have toiled, always to find themselves suddenly, to their structure where they sta

always to find themselves suddenly, to their stupefaction, where they started. This contour, that ancient stone house, they both look familiar. Can it be that——? Alas! yes. Why, some names have been carved in the rock, two of which look like "Eden" and "Papagos"! What has been achieved by them and their successors in the task? Nothing; in fact, the successors find the outlook bleaker each time they return to the starting-point of their pilgrimages.

Britain has acted at a disadvantage throughout because she has been expected to provide the initiative and this is an ungrateful rôle in cases where some proposals are certain to be declared

WINDOW ON THE WORLD. ANOTHER PLAN FOR CYPRUS.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

partial solution, of the immense difficulties which beset all concerned.

The complex programme—so complex that the lazy-minded will not give it all the attention it deserves—looks better than anything that has gone before. (This verdict, however, makes us reflect sadly how much more promising it would have been had it been put forward earlier.) The interim period of British sovereignty, with internal self-government and the reservation of defence, foreign affairs, and internal security, could be counted on in advance and turned out, in fact, to be shorter than many had expected. The Joint Council, including

Government officials and representatives of the Greek and Turkish communities, can likewise arouse no surprise. But the separate elected assemblies legislating for matters affecting Greeks and Turks and the councils at lower levels were a novel feature, certainly tender to the Turks in view of the fact that they repre-sent a relatively small minority in Cyprus.

If it be asked what is left to the initiative of the two communities under this scheme, the answer is

Cypriots have been at one in calling Cypriots have been at one in calling for partition since that solution was first mentioned. I should never rule out partition theoretically in such cases, but for Cyprus I am sure it would be stultifying and might prove disastrous. In estimating the reaction of the Greek Cypriots I cannot help looking back on their attitude to the

Radcliffe Plan. It was not so much that they condemned it as that they were bored by it. It did not represent anything in which they were interested. "See what you get!" they were told. They answered that they had never asked for it.

It must be confessed that the prospects are doubtful. Even if the thing goes better than I anticipate there is a possibility of further violence and bloodshed. If it goes badly, there will be added to this a grave threat to N.A.T.O. The threat will extend to the Baghdad Pact, and British bases in Cyprus are now considered as deriving a large share of their value from the support they afford to members of this treaty. Some consider there is an even worse alternative, that of war between Greece and Turkey. In my view this is an exaggeration. Such a war could be started only by Turkey and it is virtually impossible to believe that she would be mad enough to embark on such a course.

Britain, perhaps the United States also, seem to me to have taken this last possibility too seriously. For one thing, Turkey is in deep financial difficulties, which would worsen if she were deprived of American aid. It is true that countries on the verge of bankruptcy have gone to war in past times, but they would find it more difficult to do so now. Even to walk out of N.A.T.O. would be a very serious step on Turkey's part. One recalls her entry and her insistence on being admitted at a time when many authorities being admitted at a time when many authorities considered that, from a purely geographical point of view, neither Turkey nor Greece ought to become members. Not many countries obtain greater value from N.A.T.O. I freely acknowledge that on her side Turkey is a great asset to the treaty. A state of affairs in which Turkey remained in but accord to play her full contributions. in but ceased to play her full part is much more likely and would, of course, be lamentable.

My views on the question in general have been put forward often enough on this page. I have



DAMAGED BY FIRE DURING THE RECENT RIOTS IN SIA: THE GREEK CHURCH OF SAN LUCAS, IN THE TURKISH SECTOR OF THE CITY.

unacceptable by all the parties concerned, and all dead sure to be rejected by some. Heaven knows, I do not seek to exonerate her from blame. No promising step has been taken soon enough. A ridiculous fuss was made about Turkish demands ridiculous fuss was made about Turkish demands while they were still tentative, with the result that the Turks began to think with some reason that they were the bosses. The results of using the Turks as a trip-wire for the Greeks has proved to be far from the subtle policy some people thought it at first. Yet, still with such reservations in our minds, I think we must acknowledge that Britain has been facing uphill work.

While the latest proposals were in the state of suspense which modern methods of conducting suspense which modern methods of conducting foreign business often create—unpublished but widely known—it looked as if Britain were moving straight to another failure. The fact that the Turkish Cypriot leaders had been elaborately and without concealment briefed in Ankara and Istanbul and what happened in Cyprus immediately after their return showed that Turkey desired to annihilate the plan without more ado. On the Greek side the prospect was rather better, though the Government found parts of the plan undesirthe Government found parts of the plan undesirable. It was then that, for the first time, an initiative was taken outside Britain and N.A.T.O. intervened. This move, which had often been intervened. This move proposed, was welcome.

It has, however, been variously interpreted. When the statement was made, unofficially but on good authority, that the intervention had been fathered in Washington the first assumption was that the President and the State Department wanted the British plan to be improved. The likelihood is, however, that N.A.T.O. has been impressing on Turkey and Greece the danger of a breach between two of its members rather than suggesting emendation of the British plan. At the same time, the eventual transfer of the Cyprus bases to the authority of N.A.T.O. has long been regarded as a likely and promising solution, or



DURING THEIR MEETING IN AN ATHENS HOTEL ON JUNE 18: ARCHBISHOP MAKARIOS (CENTRE) WITH THE SIX GREEK CYPRIOT MAYORS WHO VISITED HIM TO CONSIDER THE NEW BRITISH PLAN FOR CYPRUS.

that the important field of education comes first. It may be expected that both would be glad to extend their control here. To appreciate the value of the various other services which would pass to them one would have to go deeply into the financial. background to the scheme, which is not yet possible. But assessment of the merits of the plan is academic unless it has a real prospect of acceptance by the two sides. It is more profitable to discuss this question than to linger over details at this stage.

The most unpromising feature has been the obvious instructions from Turkey that sabotage of the plan should be carried out before it had been published. Turkey herself and the Turkish

always believed that a community which can by no interpretation be classed as "backward," no interpretation be classed as "backward," which is so united, despite internal differences, in which is so united, despite internal differences, in its aims for its future, and which represents so large a majority in its territory ought to have the final decision on its own destinies. I have never suggested that this decision should be accepted immediately. But, unless solid assurance is given that it will prevail eventually, and unless the alternative of partition which it regards as the worst of all solutions is definitely dropped, I do not see how the Greeks in Cyprus can be expected to agree to any proposals for the future of the island. I do sincerely hope that both sides will consider these calmly.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD-I.



(Left.)
SHORTLY AFTER ARRIVING IN LEBANON
ON JUNE 19: MR.
HAMMARSKJOELD,
U.N. SECRETARYGENERAL (LEFT),
AFTER TALKS WITH
THE LEBANESE
PREMIER.

(Right.)
MR. HAMMARSKJOELD,
LEFT, AT HIS MEETING WITH PRESIDENT
CHAMOUN IN BEIRUT.
THEIR TALK LASTED
THREE-QUARTERS OF
AN HOUR.





THE HOUSE OF THE OPPOSITION LEADER, SAEB SALAM, WHICH WAS SHELLED BY GOVERNMENT FORCES ON JUNE 15. SOME SIGNS OF THE DAMAGE CAN BE SEEN.



AFTER AN ATTACK IN WHICH HIGH EXPLOSIVES WERE USED ON JUNE 14: THE WRECKED HOME OF THE PRIME MINISTER, SAMI SOLH, IN BEIRUT.



A TYPICAL SCENE IN BEIRUT SINCE THE OUTBREAK OF VIOLENCE EARLY IN MAY: ONE of the barricaded, rubble-strewn streets.



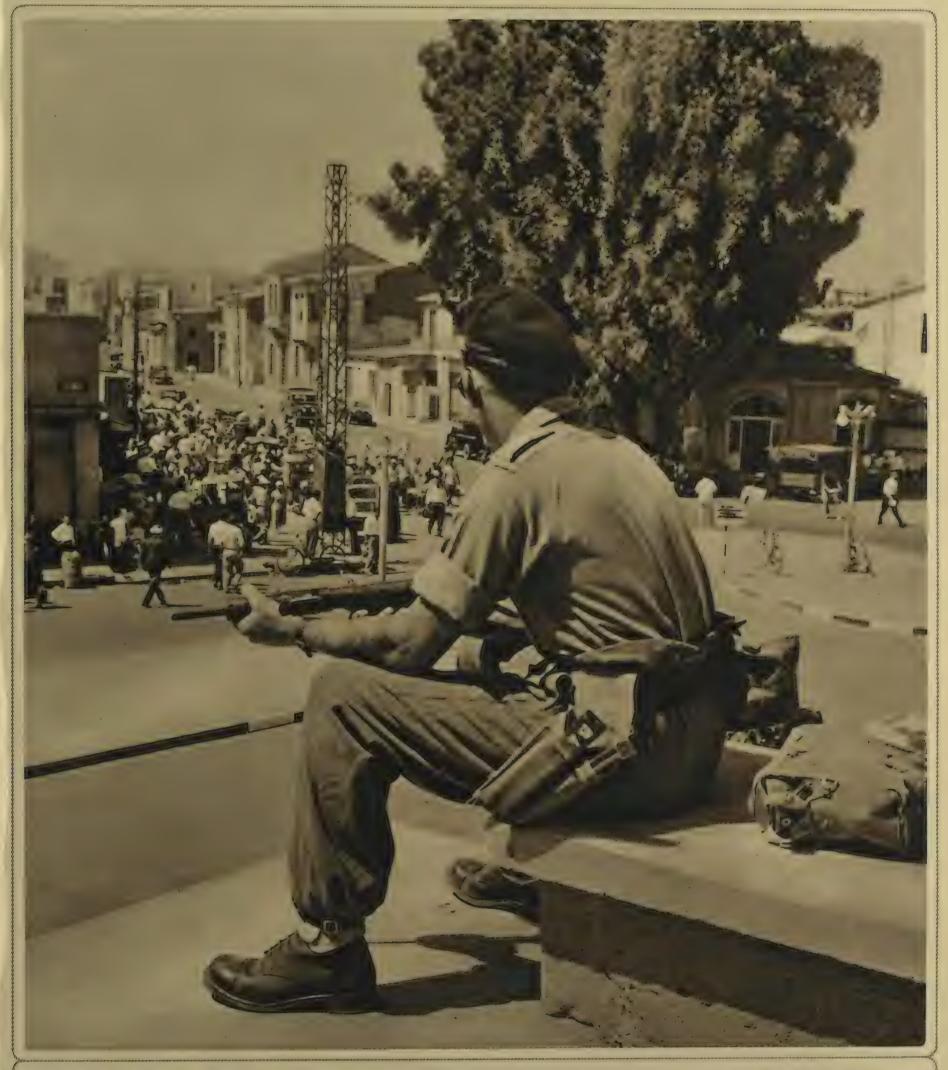
CAPTURED BY THE LEBANESE ARMY: WEAPONS AND AMMUNITION WHICH WERE ON THEIR WAY TO REBEL FORCES IN TRIPCLI.

LEBANON. AN UNEASY CALM WHILE MR. HAMMARSKJOELD INVESTIGATES A TENSE SITUATION.

The situation was still tense in Lebanon when Mr. Hammarskjoeld, the Secretary-General of the United Nations, arrived there, shortly after the first of the U.N. observers, on June 19. The team of observers had been sent following the Lebanese Government's complaints of massive interference in her internal affairs by the United Arab Republic of Egypt and Syria. After talks with President Chamoun of Lebanon, Mr. Hammarskjoeld flew to Cairo on June 22 for talks with President Nasser, and was expected to return soon after to Lebanon. The Lebanese upheaval started some seven weeks ago, and since then there have been skirmishes and outbreaks of shooting. Tensions which had been mounting

found their expression in strikes and violence following the murder of the editor of a pro-Nasser newspaper on May 9. Many of the rebels are Muslims, the population of Lebanon being made up of almost equal numbers of Muslims and Christians. While the Egyptian radio has been violently attacking President Chamoun, whose term of office ends this September, the latter has complained that reinforcements have been sent across the Syrian border by the United Arab Republic. On June 21 President Nasser, speaking at a banquet in Cairo, in honour of Dr. Nkrumah, Prime Minister of Ghana, accused the Western Powers of paving the way for intervention in the Middle East.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD-II.



CYPRUS. AT A TIME OF GREAT TENSION: AN ARMED BRITISH SOLDIER KEEPING WATCH AT A CROSSROADS IN NICOSIA.

On June 17 the Prime Minister announced in the House of Commons that at the strong request of N.A.T.O. the Government had postponed for forty-eight hours their long-awaited detailed statement on the new plan for Cyprus, though knowledge of the plan already seemed widespread. On the following day the Ministry of Defence announced that the 1st Guards Brigade was to be sent to Cyprus immediately for town security duties. The airlift of the 16th Independent Parachute Brigade Group to Cyprus had already been completed. On June 19 Mr. Macmillan presented the British plan for Cyprus to Parliament. This was based on "a new policy which represented an adventure in partnership—partnership between the communities in the island and also between the Governments of the United Kingdom, Greece and Turkey." The

plan includes proposals for a system of representative Government with each community exercising autonomy in its own communal affairs. The Greek and Turkish Governments will each be invited to appoint a representative to co-operate with the Governor in carrying out a policy designed to "achieve the peace, progress and prosperity of the island." The plan met with a mixed, though predominantly adverse, reception in Greece and Turkey. The Turkish Foreign Minister, in a statement on June 19, said that the idea of partnership for Cyprus was reconcilable with the principle of partition. In Greece the plan was rejected by the Government, and Archbishop Makarios sent a letter of rejection to the Governor of Cyprus. Both the Archbishop and the Greek authorities, however, declared their readiness for further discussions.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD-III.



WEST BERLIN. COMMEMORATING THE JUNE RISING OF 1953

WEST BERLIN. COMMEMORATING THE JUNE RISING OF 1953
IN EAST BERLIN: THE CEREMONY ON JUNE 17 AT THE
MEMORIAL ON THE KREUZBERG.
On June 17, 1953, thousands of the citizens of East Berlin took
part in the ill-fated uprising against the Communist authorities
in East Germany. Each year those who lost their lives in the
rising are remembered in ceremonies in West Berlin, where a
memorial to them has been erected.



UNITED STATES. A ROCKET-ASSISTED MAN:
DEMONSTRATING THE STRAP-ON ROCKET UNIT.
An engineer of Reaction Motors, New Jersey, has
developed a portable rocket unit, which can be
strapped to a man's body and is said to enable him
to run at "superhuman speed" and to jump to
extraordinary heights. Details have been withheld
pending the outcome of the application for a patent.



UNITED STATES, PREPARING FOR THE HANDING-OVER CEREMONY OF THE LONG SAULT CANAL OF THE ST. LAWRENCE SEAWAY: WORKMEN PUTTING THE FINISHING TOUCHES TO ONE OF THE LOCK-GATES. THE SEAWAY IS EXPECTED TO BE OPERATIONAL NEXT SPRING.



NORWAY. IN THE CATHE-DRAL AT TRONDHEIM ON JUNE 22: KING OLAV V KNEELING TO RECEIVE THE BLESSING FROM BISHOP FJELLBU.

On June 22 King Olav V, who succeeded in September, attended a ceremony at Trondheim Cathedral at which he received the solemn blessing of the Church. The ceremony replaced a formal coronation because after the crowning of the late King Haakon, the Norwegian constitution was amended to exclude coronations. The ceremony was broadcast. The streets from the Palace to the Cathedral were lined with crowds.

(Right.)
DURING THE CEREMONIES AT TRONDHEIM: THE ROYAL
PROCESSION FROM THE
PALACE MOVING TO THE
ANCIENT CATHEDRAL.





BERNE, SWITZERLAND. A SILENT PROTEST AGAINST THE EXECUTION OF MR. IMRE NAGY: HUNGARIAN STUDENTS STANDING ON THE FLOWER-STREWN STEPS OF A CHURCH IN BERNE



NEW YORK, U.S.A. AT A PRESS CONFERENCE ON JUNE 17: MRS. MALETER—WHOSE HUSBAND WAS EXECUTED WITH MR. NAGY—AND HER THREE CHILDREN.

The announcement on June 16 that Mr. Imre Nagy and three of his associates (including General Maleter) in the Hungarian October Revolution had been executed was received with horror in numerous countries. There were demonstrations of protest in several capitals and statesmen throughout the Western world have expressed their disgust.

WINDOW ON THE WORLD-IV.



(Left.)
EGYPT. AT A BANQUET IN THE KUBBEH
PALACE, CAIRO: DR.
NKRUMAH, PRIME
MINISTER OF GHANA
(LEFT), TALKING TO
PRESIDENT NASSER.

PRESIDENT NASSER.

Dr. Nkrumah, Prime Minister of Ghana, arrived in Cairo on June 15 for a visit during his tour of African States. On the following day he was entertained at a banquet in the Kubbeh Palace, at which President Nasser proposed the toast of welcome and said that Dr. Nkrumah was an example of leadership for liberation-seeking Africa and all countries seeking selfdeter mination. During the day Dr. Nkrumah visited a light arms factory at Hellwan, where he was presented with an Egyptian-made machine-gun and an automatic rifle.



NORWAY. AT EIDSVOLL, ON HIS WAY TO TRONDHEIM: KING OLAF, ACCOMPANIED BY HIS DAUGHTER, PRINCESS ASTRID, TALKING TO THE PEOPLE OF EIDSVOLL.

On June 16 King Olaf, accompanied by Princess Astrid, left Oslo to drive to Trondheim, where, on Sunday, June 22, he was to attend a special service in the cathedral. His parents made the same journey by horse-carriage fifty-two years ago.



PARIS, FRANCE. ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF HIS HISTORIC BROADCAST APPEAL ON JUNE 18, 1940: GENERAL DE GAULLE SALUTING AT THE UNKNOWN WARRIOR'S GRAVE. On June 18, 1940, General de Gaulle appealed to Frenchmen to continue the struggle against Hitler. The eighteenth anniversary of this occasion was of particular note, as it came soon after the General's return to power as Prime Minister. On the eve of the anniversary it was announced that the Croix de la Libération was to be conferred on Sir Winston Churchill.



AT THE CEREMONIES COMMEMORATING THE EIGHTEENTH ANNI-PARIS. FRANCE. VERSARY OF HIS WARTIME APPEAL TO FRENCHMEN: GENERAL DE GAULLE STANDING IN AN OPEN CAR AND ACKNOWLEDGING THE CHEERS OF THE CROWD GATHERED FOR HIS VISIT TO MONT VALERIN, WHERE MANY OF THE RESISTANCE MEMBERS WERE EXECUTED DURING THE WAR.



LEBANON. ARRIVING IN BEIRUT: MR. HAMMARSKJOELD, THE U.N. SECRETARY-GENERAL, WHO MADE ENQUIRIES ABOUT THE CRISIS IN LEBANON.

Mr. Hammarskjoeld, the United Nations Secretary-General, arrived in Lebanon by air on June 19 to enquire into the confused Lebanese crisis. He first met three members of the U.N. observer team in Lebanon and afterwards saw President Chamoun. It was thought Mr. Hammarskjoeld was opposed to possible American or British intervention in the situation.



FRANCE. IN A PARIS CLINIC: PRINCESS MARIA-PIA, WIFE OF PRINCE ALEXANDER OF YUGOSLAVIA, WITH HER TWIN SONS BORN ON JUNE 18.

Princess Maria-Pia, who is the wife of Prince Alexander of Yugoslavia and daughter of ex-King Umberto of Italy, gave birth to twin boys in a Paris clinic on June 18. The boys are to be called Dmitri and Michel Nicolas. Prince Alexander, who is a nephew of the Duchess of Kent, married Princess Maria-Pia in Portugal in February, 1955.

WINDOW ON THE WORLD-V.





DAMAGED ON JUNE 15 WITH A CHISEL BY A 34-YEAR-OLD PAINTER FROM SICILY, WHO STUCK A POSTER TO IT: RAPHAEL'S "THE MARRIAGE OF THE VIRGIN"—ONE OF THE TREASURES OF THE BRERA GALLERY. IT WAS REPORTED AS REPAIRED AND RETURNED TO ITS PLACE ON JUNE 17. MILAN, ITALY.

COPENHAGEN, DENMARK. OUTSIDE THE SOVIET EMBASSY ON JUNE 17: DANISH POLICE GUARDING THE BARRICADED GATES AGAINST DEMONSTRATORS.

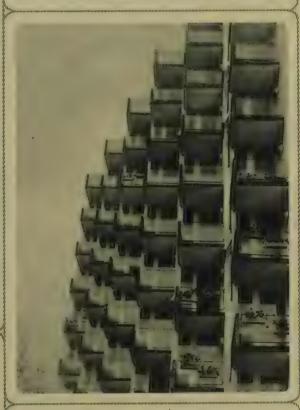
On June 17 it was reported that Mr. Imre Nagy, the Hungarian Prime Minister at the time of the 1956 uprising, and three of his associates, had been executed after a secret trial. That evening a crowd, consisting mainly of students, demonstrated and hurled stones outside the Soviet Embassy in Copenhagen.



WEST GERMANY. A BELL-SYMBOL FOR A CHURCH DEDICATION FESTIVAL, MADE FROM EMPTY EGG-SHELLS COLLECTED BY BACHELORS, RECENTLY SEEN AT BENDORF.



KENYA. TO BE RESTORED AS A CENTRE OF ARCHÆOLOGICAL RESEARCH: THE FAMOUS PORTUGUESE FORT JESUS, AT MOMBASA. It has been recently learnt that the Gulbenkian Foundation has provided £30,000 to restore and adapt Fort Jesus as a centre of archæological and historical research for the East African coast. The work is being supervised by Mr. James Kirkman, Warden of the Coastal Historical Sites, who will later take up residence in the fort, when it will be provided with a library, museum galleries, laboratories, and the like and will be open to the public as a historical monument. The fortress was begun by the Portuguese in 1593, but was the scene of a massacre by the Arabs in 1631; and it was reoccupied and completed in 1633-39.



WEST GERMANY. A CLUSTER OF BALCONIES, SPECIALLY "STAGGERED" TO AFFORD PRIVACY FROM NEIGHBOURS' PRYING EYES, IN NEW FLATS IN NUERNBERG.



U.S.A. A MINE BLOWS UP DURING A RECENT DEMONSTRATION OF A NEW TYPE OF MINE-EXPLODING ROLLER MOUNTED ON THE FRONT OF A TANK: A PHOTOGRAPH RELEASED BY THE DEPARTMENT OF DEFENCE IN WASHINGTON.



MADRID, SPAIN. THE FOSSILISED SKULL OF A LARGE ELEPHANT, COMPLETE WITH TUSKS ABOUT 7 FT. LONG, DISCOVERED IN AN INDUSTRIAL QUARTER OF MADRID.

Near the River Manzanares, in the Villaverde quarter of Madrid, fossil bones were discovered which were identified by Professor Blanco Caro, who has supervised their extraction, as those of a very large male elephant, which probably died of old age, as revealed by the condition of the teeth. The remains have been lifted and taken to the National Museum.



A CENTENARY HISTORY OF LONDON'S GREAT OPERA HOUSE.

"TWO CENTURIES OF OPERA AT COVENT GARDEN." By HAROLD ROSENTHAL.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

THERE have been three theatres on the site of Covent Garden: the centenary of the present edifice was celebrated by a gala night, which seems indeed to have been a gorgeous occasion. Mr. Rosenthal, who is the official archivist to the theatre, has timed the issue of his enormous compendium to synchronise with

I feel obliged to state, at this stage, that the volume comes into Charles Lamb's category of "biblia abiblia"—books which are not books. He would be, indeed, a hardy man who would begin it at the first page and go through it to the and. There are 8 to pages in all including about end. There are 850 pages in all, including about a hundred listing all the leading singers and conductors for a century, and nearly fifty pages of crowded, small-print, index. The archivist has behaved like an annalist and recorded everything he has found in his files. The result is that he who should attempt to read the

book consecutively must feel as though he were reading the London Directory or Bradshaw's Railway Guide. He constantly encounters such formidable barriers as this: (the asterisks indicate the artist's first appearance at Covent Garden):
"Although Alboni scored the
greatest individual triumph of the season, it was Grisi, the undisputed prima donna of the Italian stage in London, who made the most appearances in leading rôles. The appearances in leading rôles. The two other sopranos, Stefanoni and Persiani, were not heard a great deal. Persiani sang Lucia* (d), Rosina* (she was later replaced by Alboni), Amina*, Adina* and Zerlina* in a performance of Don Giovanni (27 May) which had Tamburini in the title-rôle, Mario as Ottavio*, Grisi as Anna*, Rovere as Leporello* and, following the custom of those days, a 'seconda donna,' Corbari, as Elvira*. The young Stefanoni, 'a steady, painstaking lady, with sufficient voice but no attraction which would entitle her to first honours', appeared as Elvira* (d) in the appeared as Elvira* (d) in the *Ernani* production, and as the Countess in *Figaro**.

"The tenor, Salvi, was heard in seven rôles during his initial season: Edgardo* (d) (Lucia), Lindoro* (L'Italiana), Charlais* (Maria di Rohan), Nemorino* (L'Elisir d'Amore), Almaviva* (Il Barbiere), Pollione* (Norma), and the title-rôle* in Ernani. His engagement was considered a judicious one and he reappeared at Covent Garden during the next at Covent Garden during the next two seasons. The bass, Marini, who, although he possessed a superb vocal organ, had not enough technique to produce a steady line, was heard in eight rôles during the season, and was re-engaged. The buffo bass, Rovere, who sang both the Mozart and Rossini Bartolo*, as well as Haly* (L'Italiana) and Dulcamara* (L'Elisir d'Amore), was, likewise, successful enough to earn a reengagement.'

For consecutive reading the book is certainly not meant; but for dipping it certainly is. If anybody wants to find anything about an obscure composer, conductor or singer of the eighteenth or nineteenth centuries, he may be sure of finding the name in the index of this book. I made the test myself. I wanted to remember what year

it was in which I had seen the first production

of Pelléas and Mélisande at Covent Garden, which I witnessed from a box belonging to an elder person. Mr. Rosenthal's book gives me the exact date and recovers for me the atmosphere of the occasion. He takes me back in this way: "The first performance of Pelléas et Mélisande was on 21 May [1909] and was an artistic triumph, according to the *Daily Telegraph*. All the critics stressed the difficulties in the opera, not the least being that the audience on its part had to work hard to understand it: they had to con-centrate and listen; two things a Covent Garden centrate and listen; two things a Covent Garden summer audience found difficult to do. So much so, that more than one writer had to take them to task for spoiling by their chatter the beautiful interludes that join each scene, and which, under Campanini, 'were played with a sweetness of tone and delicacy that was unusual and unexpected.' Rose Féart and Edmond Warnery were specially chosen by Debussy to sing the

Jane Bourgeois (Geneviève*)', Emma Trentini (Yniold*) and Crabbé (Le Médecin*) completed the memorable cast. The Telegraph critic concluded his notice by suggesting that possibly the work would not enjoy popularity in England, for, as a rule that symbolism.

MR. HAROLD ROSENTHAL.

Mr. Rosenthal, who was born in London in 1917, was educated at the City of London School and University College, London. He was archivist of the Royal Opera House, 1950-56; Assistant Editor of Opera (the magazine founded by Lord Harewood) from 1950-53, and has edited Opera since 1953. He is the author of "Sopranos of To-day," and yearly Opera Annuals since 1954. Mr. Rosenthal is also a regular broadcaster in "Opera at Home," "Music Magazine," and other B.B.C. record programmes. which is symbolical is not
popular with the English, however lovely the

THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK WHICH IS REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE:

MR. HAROLD ROSENTHAL.

Those "d's" imply débuts, and indicate the thoroughness of Mr. Rosenthal's work. They are so numerous that I am dazzled. Apart from the many stars whose names are still remembered, hundreds of singers, famous in their day, are singled out here, and a great many operas, and a great many composers, and a great many managers. I feel and a great many managers. I feel as though I had become glued in an enormous collection of ancient play-bills. There are, I may add, a number of play-bills reproduced here. The early-nineteenth-century ones strike one with awe. In April 1826, for example, Weber's Oberon was presented for the first time. The play-bill states that it will be presented "With Entirely new Music, Scenery, Machinery, Dresses and Decorations. The Overture and the whole of the Music ture and the whole of the Music composed by Carl Maria von Weber, Who will preside this Evening in the Orchestra." Anybody who thinks that the late Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree was the first man to smother a play with decorations may be recommended to this prospectus, a part of which reads:

Perforated Cavern on the Beach, With the Ocean—in a Storm—a Calm—by Sunset—Twilight—Starlight— —by Sunset—and Moonlight

and a great deal more to attract the gapers who are more interested in scenery than in music or drama. The managers then thought not The managers then thought not merely in terms of spectacles but of quantity. There is a play-bill here announcing, in 1835, the last performances of Malibran, that most fabulous singer who died so very young. For her farewell not merely were the two great operas, Sonnambula and Fidelio with her singing in both, performed, but sandwiched in between them "the admired ballet" of Auld Robin Grav. Robin Gray.

Covent Garden has had a stormy voyage. So far as I can make out, nobody has ever made any money out of it, and it has had its full share of the quarrels natural to the theatrical world. But, by fabulous good luck, its head has always been kept above water by a succession of speculators or enthusiasts, and its productions have reflected the taste of the day. There was a time when society would look at nothing but Italian opera: there came a time when it would look at nothing but German opera:

the wheel has spun full circle, and Mozart, who is in the Italian tradition, is in the ascendant.



IN CELEBRATION OF THE CENTENARY OF THE ROYAL OPERA HOUSE, COVENT GARDEN: THE PROGRAMME, PRINTED ON NYLON SATIN, FOR THE GALA PERFORMANCE GIVEN ON JUNE 10, 1958, IN THE PRESENCE OF H.M. THE QUEEN AND H.R.H. THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH.

This photograph is not reproduced from the book under review

title-rôles at the London première; the soprano was 'a fascinating, delicate and fragile Mélisande* (d), and a precise complement of Mr. Warnery's Pelléas* (d), a manly representation indeed.' Bourbon was a 'superb Golaud'* (d), and Vanni Marcoux a 'sympathetic' Arkel*.

*"Two Centuries of Opera at Covent Garden." By Harold Rosenthal. With a Foreword by the Earl of Harewood. Illustrated. (Putnam; 75s.)

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 1120 of this issue.

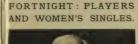


ASHLEY J. COOPER (Australia). Seeded No. 1.





MISS ALTHEA GIBSON (U.S.A.). Seeded No. 1.





MISS CHRISTINE TRUMAN (G.B.). Seeded No. 2.



MERVYN G. ROSE

(Above.) SVEN DAVIDSON

(Sweden). Seeded No. 7.





(Above.) LUIS A. AYALA (Chile). Seeded No. 5.

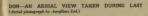
(Right.) MRS. DOROTHY KNODE (U.S.A.). Seeded No. 3.

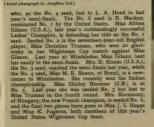
(Above.) KURT NIELSEN



THE ALL ENGLAND LAWN TENNIS CLUB, WIMBLE YEAR'S WIMBLEDON FORTNIGH









MISS J. S. HOPPS (U.S.A.). Seeded No. 7.





(Left.) MISS M. E. BUENO (Brazil). Seeded No. 4.

(U.S.A.). Seeded No. 8.



MISS K. FAGEROS (U.S.A.). Seeded No. 8.



MISS SHIRLEY BLOOMER (G.B.) Seeded No. 5.





IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

ALTHOUGH I must confess that I am not a true rose fan and cultivator in the ordinary sense of the word, I like to have a certain number of odd

roses growing in odd places about my garden, places which seemed to me appropriate at the times when I came by them and had to find homes for them. But I have no set, formal



THE HAWS OF ROSA RUBRIFOLIA, WHICH ARE CARRIED IN FINE TRUSSES AND ARE EXTREMELY DECORATIVE AND HANDSOME.

Photographs by R. A. Malby and Co.

ose beds, and very few of the modern varieties. Where some modern roses—in fact, quite a number of them—are concerned, I am a complete heretic. For instance, I actually dislike the rose "Peace." "Peace" has, of course, been one of the most sensational new roses of the century, admired, treasured and cherished by the million. To me she seems gross, with over-opulent charms, which remind me of that deathless verse

Fat white woman whom nobody loves, Why do you walk in the fields in gloves... Missing so much and so much?

"Peace" is undoubtedly sensational, but, alas, she misses "so much and so much."

Flowering in my garden just now (mid-June) a truly sensational rose bush; sensational, yet

without a trace of vulgarity about it.
This is rose "Austrian Copper." It came to me six or seven years ago, as an 18-in. specimen on its own roots. Not grafted, and so never a sucker. I planted it at the foot of a low stone wall, facing south, and to-day it stands 5 ft. tall, with eight main permanent stems, carrying a spreading canopy of twiggy growth, neat briar-like leaves, and many hundreds of single briar roses. In size they are about equal to our native dog rose. In colour, a brilliant warm orange-red on the inner side of the petals, and soft, pure gold without. A central bush of golden anthers contrasts pleasantly with the orange-red trasts pleasantly with the orange-red of the petals.

This rose goes by the name "Austrian Copper," but the colour is unlike any copper that I have ever seen. It is a far warmer, redder tone, most difficult to describe. Doubtless I could match it exactly by referring to an official colour chart. But what help would colour chart. But what help would that be? How many of those who read this possess a colour chart to

RAMPANT ROSES.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

which they could refer? I haven't-and if I had one, and quoted from it the basic colour "Chilblain Red," shall we say, plus numbers and symbols to indicate the exact tone and virulence of the chilblain... No, the best I can do is to fall back on orange-red or coppery-red, and leave it at that. It's all very difficult, this colour question.

The flowering season of "Austrian Copper" rose is relatively brief. Little more than a fortnight. But perhaps that is a good thing. The display is magnificent whilst it lasts, and most unusual. But if so much splendour went on from spring to autumn, it might become almost unspring to autumn, it might become almost un-endurable. There are plants, of course, which do that, and used in moderation in the garden they are very welcome. But it is pleasant to have a majority of plants in the garden, like this enchant-ing rose, which refuse to run the risk of becoming a bore by overdoing their splendour without ceasing all the summer through.

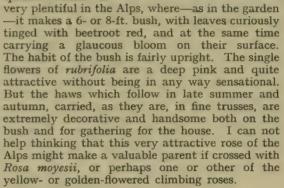
As to pruning my "Austrian Copper," I believe I have been right in just not pruning it. Each year it develops a few minor branches of dead wood and twig. These I cut out. But nothing more. the result has been all and more than any gardener could deserve.

Another rose which is a very fine sight in my garden just now is Wolley-Dod's rose. A semi-double—or should I say semi-single form of the species Rosa pomifera. This is a terrific grower. It came to me as a cutting seven or eight

years ago, and is now a great bush, well over 12 ft. tall, and as much or more through, and is now a rosy cloud of semi-double roses of the purest clear rose pink. It is a superb sight whilst it lasts, but that is but a few weeks. Later, however, in autumn comes a profuse crop of big, red, hairy rose-hips. The foliage is soft grey-green. So far I have not pruned this great rose bush, nor even thinned out any of its rather crowded growth, and as long as it continues to flower as well as it is doing now, I shall leave it severely alone. But I fear that one of these days I shall have to wade into it with saw and into it with saw and billhook, and that, I feel very sure, will be a really strenuous form of bloodsport. The Wolley-Dod rose is not one which I would recommend

small gardens, but where there is plenty of room it is a charming thing

Rosa rubrifolia is a handsome species which is



A rampant rose of which I am very fond is A rampant rose of which I am very fond is "Hidcote Gold." This, as its name suggests, originated, as far as English gardens are concerned, at Major Lawrence Johnston's Cotswold garden at Hidcote Manor, near Chipping Campden. There it makes a magnificent picture ramping up and over a high stone wall. There I admired it many years ago, and Major Johnston gave me a cutting or two, one of which eventually became a rampageous specimen rampling over and above rampageous specimen rambling over and above a post-and-rails fence at the back of a mixed-flower border in my garden. Its flowering season is, alas, a brief one, in June. This spring I found



"A TRULY SENSATIONAL ROSE... YET WITHOUT A TRACE OF VULGARITY ABOUT IT": "AUSTRIAN COPPER"—A FEW OF THE HUNDREDS OF BRIAR ROSE BLOSSOMS, WARM ORANGE-RED WITHIN AND A SOFT, PURE GOLD ON THE OUTSIDE OF THE PETALS.

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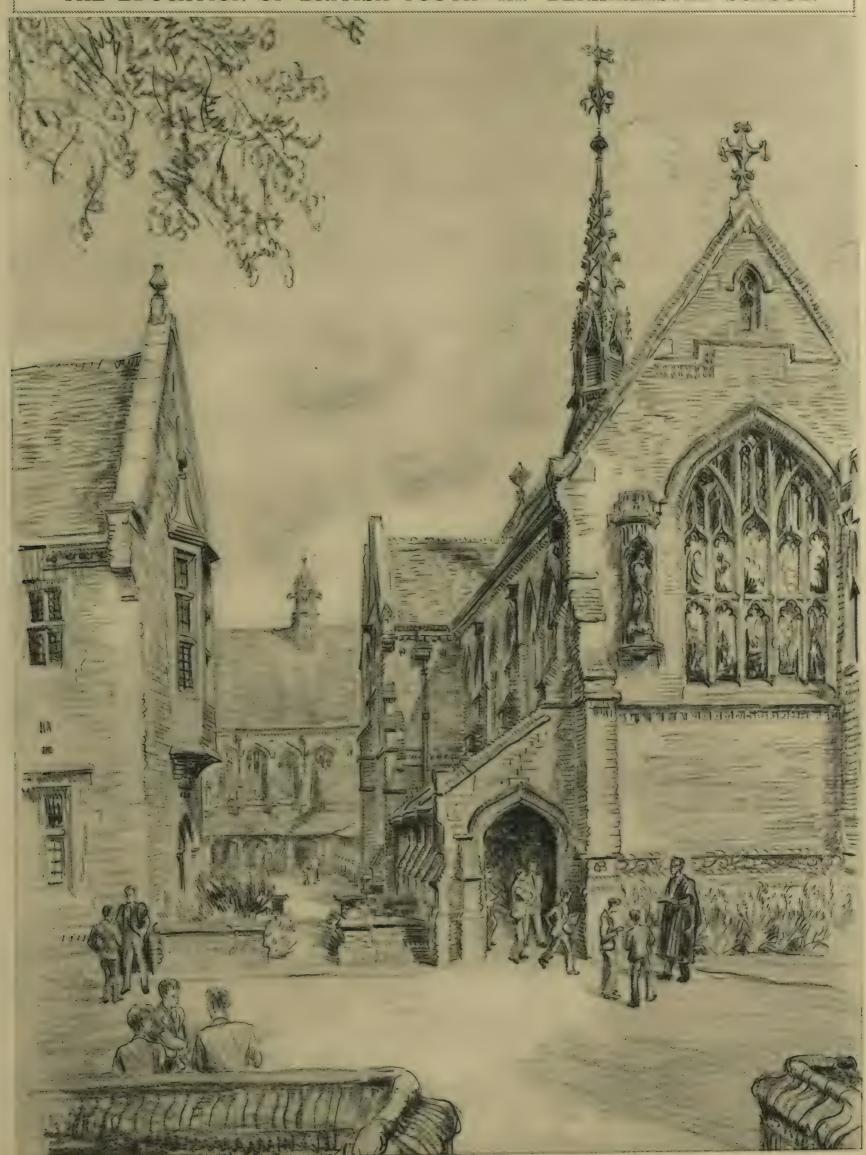
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that "Hidcote Gold" had got a bit above itself, and I had to cut out an immense amount of too hearty wood. Whole long branches of it. But it has shown no resentment, and is now not only flowering superbly, but is pushing out a great deal of new growth for next year's flowering.

The history of "Hidcote Gold"—which Major Johnston told me—is interesting. A good many years ago he was visiting a French nursery, and was examining a number of seedling roses which the nurseryman had raised in the course of producing new varieties. He spotted a rampant specimen with rather loose petalled flowers of a fine clean luminous gold, and was told by its raiser that it was not up to standard and was condemned to the bonfire. Johnston was given the plant, which was later transported to Hidcote, where it has been much admired. More recently this rose found its way into commerce, this rose found its way into commerce, and may now be obtained from some, at any rate, of our British nurseries.

THE EDUCATION OF BRITISH YOUTH-III. BERKHAMSTED SCHOOL.



AT BERKHAMSTED, RECENTLY VISITED BY THE QUEEN MOTHER: THE LIBRARY AND MUSEUM, LEFT, AND THE CHAPEL.
IN THE BACKGROUND IS DEANS' HALL.

Berkhamsted School was founded in 1541 by John Incent, Dean of St. Paul's, who was a native of the town. After varied fortunes a new beginning was made at the School about the middle of the nineteenth century, and since then the story of Berkhamsted has been one of steady

progress. The number of boys at the School has continued to grow, and the School buildings have correspondingly expanded. The latest addition, Newcroft, the new building which has been erected in Mill Street, was opened by Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother on June 13.

Drawn by our Special Artist, Dennis Flanders.

JUNE 28, 1958-THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS-1101



THE GRAVEL QUAD AT BERKHAMSTED, SHOWING LEFT TO RIGHT, THE OLD SCHOOL, THE HEADMASTER'S HOUSE, SCHOOL HOUSE, THE BURSAR'S AND THE ARMOURY BLOCK.

In an ancient document, probably of the early Elizabethan period, it is recorded that in 1523 all the inhabitants of Berkhamsted "did consult and agree that the whole lands of their Brotherhood should be imployed to the finding of a Scholemaster to teach their Children, and to the building of a Schoole to teach in. Doctor Incent late Deane of Pauls Church, being borne at Barkhamsted, and at that time President and Cheife of the said Fraternitie did send to them a Schoolmaster, which did teach their Children in the Brotherhood house . . . "

In 1541, the Dean obtained a licence from Henry VIII to buy land for the founding of a school, and the Kings of England were for ever to be founders and to appoint the schoolmaster. The licence obtained, the Dean, with the help of the "Towne and Countrey," built a school, which was at the time considered one of the best in England and which still stands and can be seen in one of our drawings. Little is known of the School's early history, but during the eighteenth century the numbers at one time fell as low as five. The century

closed with a period of prosperity under the headmastership of Dr. John Dupré, but this was followed by a further relapse under Dr. Dupré's son, Thomas. In 1842 the School was reopened under a new scheme, largely thanks to the efforts of Mr. Augustus Smith, who also helped to bring to an end a Chancery suit which the School was involved and which had been started by the inhabitant of Berkhamsted a century previously. The Chow of the Chancer of the headmasterships of the Text. J. M. Crawford and Dr. E. Bartrum, and

reached its greatest period of expansion under Dr. Fry, who was Headmaster from 1888 to 1910 and later became Dean of Lincoln. Under him, numbers rose considerably, and many new buildings were provided, largely out of his own purse. The chief buildings added at this time were the Chapel and the large Assembly Hall, which was named, in his honour and that of the founder, the Deans' Hall. The Queen Mother's visit to Berkhamsted was illustrated in our last issue.



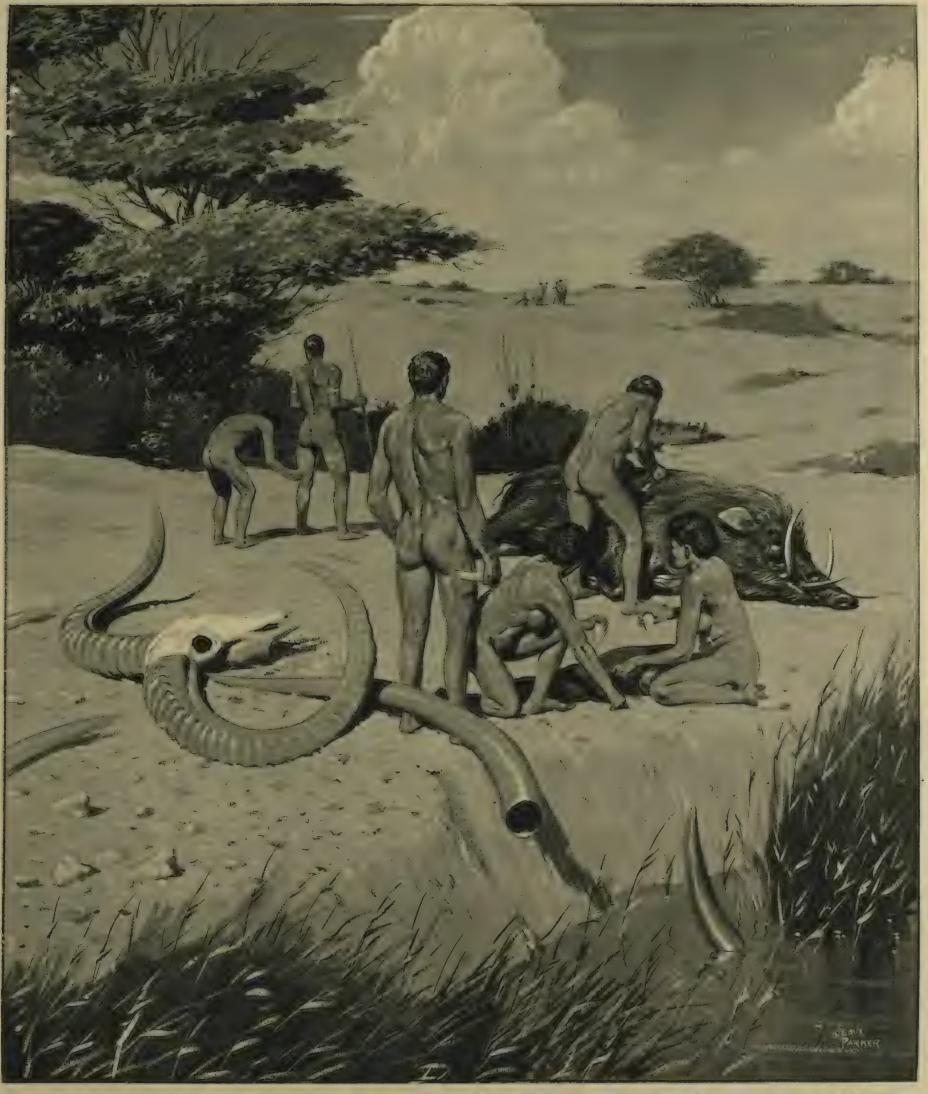


A VIEW FROM THE CLOISTERS: SHOWING PHYSICAL TRAINING IN PROGRESS IN THE GRASS QUADRANGLE.

A NOTED HERTFORDSHIRE PUBLIC SCHOOL: BERKHAMSTED-THE ORIGINAL SCHOOL AND THE CLOISTERS.

For the first 325 years of the School's existence teaching at Berkhamsted went on in the Old Hall, the original building, but since 1866 there have been continual additions. The School stands in the heart of Berkhamsted, Hertfordshire, and its buildings are clustered to north and south of the High Street. The main additions to the School at the end of the last century were the Swimming Bath in 1892, new Laboratories and a Lecture Room in 1894 and the Chapel in 1895. The Armoury Block, including seven classrooms, and the Chemistry Laboratory, were added early in this century, and Deans' Hall was built in 1911. Playing fields were laid out in 1914, and after the First World War, the War Memorial Library and Museum, the Music School and the Gymnasium were the principal new buildings. Wingston which includes a large diving soom for day boxs. buildings. Wingrave, which includes a large dining-room for day boys, was added between 1951 and 1954, and the latest building, containing laboratories, classrooms and masters' common room, has just been opened, as mentioned on an accompanying page. The first laboratory at Berkhamsted was opened in 1874, the School being a pioneer in science teaching.

Drawn by our Special Artist, Dennis Flanders.



THE MIGHTY HUNTERS OF HALF A MILLION YEARS AGO: CHELLEAN MEN OF OLDUVAI, WHERE A GIANT CHILD'S TOOTH HAS BEEN FOUND, GATHERED ROUND THE BODY OF A PIG NEARLY AS LARGE AS A RHINOCEROS.

Recent excavations at Olduvai Gorge, in Tanganyika, have thrown a great deal of new light upon the way of life of Chellean man about half a million years ago. Two living sites (BK. II and SHK. II) have been uncovered. These are the first two living sites of the Chellean stage of the hand-axe culture ever to be found anywhere. This is all the more surprising when we remember that the Chellean culture was the first Stone Age culture to receive scientific recognition more than 100 years ago. The illustration above shows Chellean hunters on their camp site near a shallow marshy stream. It is based upon the evidence of site BK. II, where the child's giant teeth were found (see pp. 1104-1105). Man lived at such sites near the water presumably because he had no vessels in which to carry water. We still know nothing about the

hunters themselves (although the child's teeth suggest massive proportions), but they must have been very big and strong to deal with the animals which they hunted. In the picture they are cutting up a giant pig, Afrochoerus, which was nearly as large as a rhinoceros. In the distance are lion which have been attracted to the scene by the smell of blood. The lion of those days were not giants. One of the hunters is daubing a friend with red ochre. This is based on the fact that we find on the old living sites lumps of red ochre, which had been brought from 50 miles away. Chellean man did not know about fire. He broke open bones and skulls of his prey to get the marrow and brain, and presumably ate all his meal raw. (Drawn by our Special Artist, Neave Parker, with the assistance of Dr. L. S. B. Leakey.)

A GIANT CHILD AMONG THE GIANT ANIMALS OF OLDUVAI? A HUGE FOSSIL MILK MOLAR WHICH SUGGESTS THAT CHELLEAN MAN IN TANGANYIKA MAY HAVE BEEN GIGANTIC.

By DR. L. S. B. LEAKEY, Curator of the Coryndon Museum, Nairobi, Kenya.

RECENTLY a really gigantic human milk tooth has been found at Olduvai Gorge, in Tanganyika territory. It is that of a child of about two-and-a-half to three years of age, so far as can be judged, and it is huge in comparison with corresponding teeth to-day (see Fig. 8). In this figure the new fossil tooth is seen next to the largest corresponding present-day child's second milk molar which could be found. Above the fossil milk molar is a fossil milk canine which was found near it. Readers of The Illustrated London News will remember that Olduvai Gorge is already famous for many gigantic extinct animals which famous for many gigantic extinct animals which were being hunted by Stone Age Man of the handaxe culture. There were giant sheep, giant pigs, giant oxen and giant giraffe, and one of the

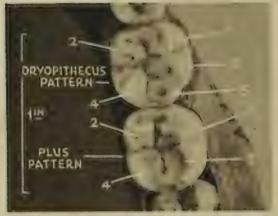




FIG. 1. WHAT ARE CONSIDERED THE NORMAL CUSP PATTERNS IN HUMAN OR APE MOLARS THE DRYOPITHECUS AND PLUS PATTERNS EXHIBITED IN AN AUSTRALIAN ABORIGINE JAW AUSTRALIAN ABORIGINE JAW.
The arrangement of the cusps of a tooth makes its "cusp-pattern"; and cusp patterns play a vital part in Dr. Leakey's argument. The upper tooth shows the Dryopithecus pattern, with cusp 2 in contact with cusp 3; whereas the lower tooth shows the "plus" pattern, a self-evident description of the condition when the four cusps are evenly placed with the valleys between them making a "plus" sign.

(Left.)
FIG. 3. PART OF A GORILLA JAW IN WHICH THE SECOND MOLAR SHOWS THE DRYO-PITHECUS PATTERN, WHILE THE THIRD HAS THE REVERSE OF THIS PATTERN-NAMELY, CONTACT BETWEEN CUSPS 1 AND 4.

illustrations of a giant pig from a back-number of The Illustrated London News is reproduced here for

The Illustrated London News is reproduced here for easy reference (Fig. 4).

The new enormous human tooth was found at an old living site of a Chellean I stage of the handaxe culture, and fossil remains of all of these and many other extinct animals were scattered everythere with the store tools and worked many other extinct animals were scattered everywhere, together with the stone tools and worked flakes left by the men who lived on the site. The teeth were lying on the floor amidst all the other remains and since they are isolated milk teeth, it is at least possible that they were pulled out and dropped among the rubbish by a Chellean child. It would be nice to be able to say, for certain, that the teeth do actually represent the makers of the Chellean culture, for up till now, no remains of Chellean man have ever been found anywhere.

of Chellean man have ever been found anywhere. This is strange when we remember that the handaxe culture was one of the first ever found anywhere (it was found in France by M. Boucher de

where (it was found in France by M. Boucher de Perthes more than a hundred years ago).

We cannot say categorically that these teeth represent hand-axe man, because it is possible that they are from a child of some other human race, or even species, who was the victim of Chellean man's hunting activities. I think that this is unlikely, but it could be so. There are even some scientists who will see, in this tooth, the remains of an Australopithecine "near man," such as those from the Transvaal, and not a true human. One of the most fascinating things about this giant milk molar, apart from its size, is this very

giant milk molar, apart from its size, is this very fact that it is so very very hard to interpret.

The public often think of physical anthropologists as intrepid guessers, who make the most wild assumptions on very inadequate evidence. It is true that in the past new types of man have been described on the evidence of single teeth. One case was the famous Pekin fossil man from China, and the evidence of the first tooth was later fully confirmed by other finds. The other was the ill-fated Hesperopithecus Harold Cooki, who later turned out to be a pig!

So far as the present tooth is concerned, the roots strongly suggest that it must be an upper milk molar, while the cusp pattern on the crown is much more that of a lower milk molar. Personally, after weeks of study, I believe it is a lower milk molar, in spite of its roots.

Let me try and explain my reasons so that you can see it is not just guesswork. In lower molars

can see it is not just guesswork. In lower molars one frequently finds that there are small depressions at the front and the back of the tooth which are called the anterior and posterior fovea respectively. (See Fig. 5 in which we see the second and third lower (adult) permanent molars of an Australian aborigine, enlarged to twice natural size.) Now I know of no case in an upper milk molar where both an anterior and a posterior fovea of this type appear together, although one or the other may occur. In the fossil tooth (see Fig. 8) both fovea are well developed, which is one reason for calling it a lower, rather than an upper, tooth. Secondly, there is the arrangement of the main cusps. In the fossil there are four main cusps and posteriorly two smaller ones. Such an arrangement is to be two smaller ones. Such an arrangement is to be found in primitive human lower molars. In upper molars there are usually three main cusps set in a triangle called the trigon, and one further large cusp posteriorly. If we were to regard the tooth as an upper molar we would have to treat the cusps marked 5 and 6 in the diagram as additional supernumerary ones in addition to having a supernumerary cusp to the left. It is very hard to accept such a suggestion.

Supernumerary lateral cusps can occur both in upper and in lower human molars. In the former

Supernumerary lateral cusps can occur both in upper and in lower human molars. In the former case they are usually of the type called "Carabelli Cusps." In the fossil (see Fig. 8) the extra lateral cusp is very like those often seen in lower molars (see Fig. 6). In that figure taken from another Australian aborigine, and shown at twice natural size, we see that each of the lower molars has a

the tooth in front of it, but there is no such contact facet behind. Moreover, the cusps on the crown of the fossil tooth are hardly worn at all. The condition in fact is exactly that seen in the The condition in fact is exactly that seen in the modern child's tooth seen in Fig. 7, where the second milk molar is fully erupted, and the tip of the crown of the first permanent molar behind it is just coming through the gum. Next to this tooth I have put the fossil tooth. Both are in the same scale so the huge dimensions of this giant baby can be better appreciated. The modern child in Fig. 7 is aged nearly three years.

Had the fossil child been older we would have had a condition more like Fig. 9, which is of a



FIG. 2. THE WHOLE OF THE ABORIGINE JAW, OF WHICH A DETAIL IS SHOWN IN FIG. 1, TO ILLUSTRATE THE FACT THAT THREE DISTINCT CUSP PATTERNS CAN SOMETIMES BE FOUND IN A SINGLE JAW.

Here the first right molar shows the Dryopithecus pattern (cusps 2 and 3 in contact); the second right molar shows the "plus" pattern; but the left second molar shows the exact opposite of the Dryopithecus pattern—namely, cusps 1 and 4 in contact as in the recently found fossil giant milk molar.

modern child of about six years of age with the first permanent molar in position behind the second milk molar, which is begining to show signs of wear and which, by now, has a contact facet posteriorly

To emphasise the giant size of this new fossil child's tooth, Fig. 10 shows the famous jaw of the



FIG. 4. FROM THE OLDUVAI GORGE, THE SAME DISTRICT AS THAT IN WHICH THE GIANT HUMAN MILK MOLAR HAS BEEN FOUND: THE GIANT WART-HOG OF CHELLEAN TIMES (RIGHT) COMPARED WITH A MODERN WART-HOG.

This drawing, a detail of one made by Mr. Neave Parker and published in our issue of June 19, 1954, was based on remains found somewhat previously to that date by Dr. Leakey, in what was evidently a living site of Chellean man. On this site the remains of a considerable number of species of giant animals were found, but at that date no human remains at all had been found. Now still more giant animal remains have been found (which will be described in a later article) and the giant milk molar whose significance Dr. Leakey discusses in this article.

small extra lateral cusp between cusps I and 3,

small extra lateral cusp between cusps I and 3, as in the fossil tooth.

Readers will wonder why I say that this giant fossil tooth represents a child of about two-and-a-half to three years of age. This again is not idle guessing, but is based upon comparisons. In the fossil tooth there is one "contact facet," a small point rubbed flat where this tooth was touching

Australopithecine child from Taungs, Transvaal, with the second lower milk molar and first permanent molar behind it. The new fossil tooth is next to the corresponding tooth and to the same scale.

At this stage we must, for a moment, go back to the cusp pattern on the fossil tooth. As seen

IN TERMS OF TEETH: THE ARGUMENT FOR THE OLDUVAI MAN OF 500,000 YEARS AGO BEING A GIANT.



FIG. 5. TYPICAL ADULT LOWER MOLARS, SHOWING THE PRESENCE OF ANTERIOR AND POSTERIOR FOVEA, AS IN THE FOSSIL MOLAR (FIG. 8), AND, SO, THAT THE LATTER WAS A LOWER MOLAR. THE EXAMPLE SHOWN IS FROM AN AUSTRALIAN ABORIGINE.

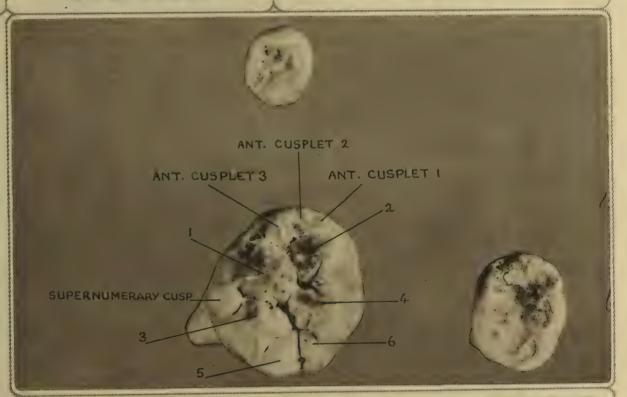


FIG. 6. AN EXAMPLE FROM ANOTHER AUSTRALIAN ABORIGINE JAW, SHOWING THREE MOLARS, ALL OF WHICH HAVE SMALL EXTRA LATERAL CUSPS (LIKE THE FOSSIL MOLAR) BETWEEN CUSPS 1 AND 3; i.e., ON THE LEFT OR OUTER SIDE.



FIG. 7. THE JAW OF A MODERN THREE-YEAR-OLD CHILD, WITH THE FOSSIL TOOTH (IN THE SAME SCALE) MOUNTED ON THE LEFT AGAINST THE CORRESPONDING TOOTH—TO SHOW ITS HUGE SIZE AND EXPLAIN THE ANTERIOR CONTACT FACET.

in Fig. 8, the cusp called "1" (the external forward cusp) is in contact with the cusp called "4," which is the internal back main cusp. Now it is often maintained that in humans and apes the normal pattern is either one in which cusp 2 is in contact with cusp 3 (with one or two extra cusps behind the four main ones)—which is known as the Dryopithecus pattern; or there is what is called the "plus pattern." Examples of Dryopithecus and plus patterns are seen in Fig. 1. In the fossil tooth we have the exact opposite of the Dryopithecus pattern, but actually this form of cusp arrangement also often occurs in man and in apes. Fig. 3 shows the jaw of a gorilla in which the second molar shows the so-called Dryopithecus pattern, while the third molar has a 1-4 contact, as in our fossil. Fig. 2 shows a 2-3 contact in the right first molar and a 1-4 contact in the left second molar, the latter being as in our fossil. We thus see that the pattern in the fossil is not so very abnormal. The fact, however, that its roots suggest an upper milk molar will doubtless mean that controversy will surround this tooth, until such time as another is found in position in a jaw. For the moment, two things are certain—it is a second milk molar and it is of immense size. We cannot say that the body of the person was also giant, but his (or her) jaw must have been very, very massive.



(Right.) FIG. 8. THE GIGANTIC HUMAN MILK MOLAR FOUND AT OLDUVAI (LOWER LEFT), WITH THE CUSPS NUMBERED FOR REFERENCE. ON THE RIGHT IS THE LARGEST PRESENT-DAY CHILD'S SECOND MILK MOLAR WHICH COULD BE FOUND, FOR COMPARISON OF SIZE. ABOVE, A FOSSIL MILK CANINE ALSO FOUND AT OLDUVAI. (All enlarged on same scale.)



FIG. 9. THE JAW OF A MODERN SIX-YEAR-OLD CHILD, WITH THE FOSSIL TOOTH MOUNTED, LEFT, IN THE CORRESPONDING POSITION. IN THE JAW THE SECOND (MILK) MOLAR IS BEING TOUCHED BY THE THIRD (PERMANENT) MOLAR BEHIND IT.



FIG. 10. ANOTHER COMPARISON TO ILLUSTRATE THE GIANT SIZE OF THE FOSSIL MILK MOLAR: IT IS HERE SET OPPOSITE THE CORRESPONDING TOOTH IN THE FAMOUS FOSSIL JAW OF THE AUSTRALOPITHECINE CHILD FROM TAUNGS, IN THE TRANSVAAL.



EVERY half a century or so the work of every worthwhile painter requires to be reassessed in the light of recent research and according to the standards of the time. This Professor Ellis Waterhouse has done for Gainsborough*—and for us—in a volume containing a catalogue of more than 1000 paintings and illustrations of 300 of them, the latter arranged in more or less chronological order so that one can see for oneself the various steps which led to the lyrical landscapes and so-called fancy pictures of his later years which the author considers his most original contribution to European painting. For this reason they are, proportionally to their number, more fully illustrated than the portraits which, to an earlier generation, though not to the painter himself, constituted almost the whole of his contribution to the art of the eighteenth century.

Waterhouse, in his final paragraph, remarks that "the portraits are occasionally splendid and breathtaking, but they founded no tradition, as those of Reynolds did." Previously he has pointed out that John Constable is the most important descendant of Gainsborough's landscape style, and that "although many other elements went to form Constable's mature manner—not least among them Jacob Ruisdael and Rubens, who had played such a large part in Gainsborough's own formation—Gainsborough counts for a good deal in Constable's feeling for English landscape," and he quotes a moving tribute by Constable to his predecessor's "exquisite refinement, yet not a refinement beyond nature . . . the stillness of noon, the depths of twilight, and the dews and pearls of the morning, are all to be found on the canvases of this most benevolent and kindhearted man." This seems to me little more than a declaration that Constable enjoyed looking at a Gainsborough landscape and I could have wished that the author, in his most interesting preliminary notes, could have enlarged upon this point because some of us, who love the work of both men, believe that Constable could have happened if Gainsborough had never existed, whereas neither

Gainsborough had never existed, whereas neither could have painted as they did had they not seen a Ruisdael or a Rubens; that is, each was an original genius, subject to similar influences, but with the younger man owing very little indeed to his elder compatriot.

Whether you find yourself able to agree wholeheartedly or no with every opinion put forward in the introduction, there is something shrewdly and sensitively stimulating on every page. I quote at random. Of the "Mrs. Graham" (National Gallery of Scotland)—"a deliberate search for glamour which, once the first feeling of astonishment at its fabulous dexterity has worn off, seems to fall into excess." Of the Giovanni Baccelli belonging to the Countess of Swinton, a life-size dancing figure—"It is the movement of the pencil—[Reynolds' phrase]—in the exquisite handling of the draperies which carries on the movement of the dance throughout the whole figure. It is because we have been prone to judge such a picture as a portrait in the conventional sense, instead of as the solution of a quite different artistic problem, that it has met with less approval than it deserves." We are reminded that, in his late portraits, few of his sitters have any marked

* "Gainsborough." By Professor Ellis Waterhouse. With 300 illustrations, 8 of them in colour. (Edward Hulton, limited Edition of 1500; 6½ gns.)

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

By FRANK DAVIS.

GAINSBOROUGH AND ETTY—TWO BOOKS REVIEWED.

individual character, that Gainsborough was genuinely impatient with what he called "face painting," and that this "probably delayed for him the discovery that the portrait could be used as an imaginative vehicle for conveying artistic ideas very different from the mere establishment of a good likeness."

The young Gainsborough owed much to France as well as to Holland—the "John Plampin" is derived from an engraving after Watteau's "Antoine de la Roque"—and the author remarks



"A BOY IN A VAN DYCK COSTUME": A VERY FINE UNFINISHED LATE PORTRAIT BY THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH, R.A. (1727-1788)
IN THE SIR JOSEPH ROBINSON COLLECTION.

(Oil on canvas: 63\frac{1}{2} by 42\frac{1}{2} ins.)

somewhat cryptically that "it may be to a small extent an accident that certain of these small-scale pictures, notably the 'Mr. and Mrs. Andrews,' by being combined with a landscape background of just the same degree of informality, should happen to be rightly seen as masterpieces by modern eyes "—a sentence which seems to me to show that the charming naïveté of these early works is little to his taste. The landscape in the pretty Louvre painting, the two figures in which, by an old tradition, are said to be Gainsborough and his wife, is described as "a wholly artificial sort of landscape backdrop, which alternates rather confusingly with the more agreeable naturalistic manner in his early portraits." It could surely be regarded equally as a foreshadowing of his later looser treatment of trees and foliage? Needless to add that, from such a pen, the book is a model of exact scholarship, a pleasure to read.

Mr. Dennis Farr's careful study of the life and works of William Etty† began as a thesis and suffers accordingly from the heavy-handedness which is normally inseparable from such academic exercises; but then, one can scarcely call Etty, talented, earnest and essentially nice though he was, a

Mr. Dennis Farr's careful study of the life and works of William Etty† began as a thesis and suffers accordingly from the heavy-handedness which is normally inseparable from such academic exercises; but then, one can scarcely call Etty, talented, earnest and essentially nice though he was, a particuarly inspiring personality either as man or painter, and I feel that Mr. Farr has become rather tired of him before reaching the end of the long, long trail. Etty's nymphs are so very coy, his portraits in the main so very pedestrian (with the exception, perhaps, of the bright little Elizabeth Potts), that they scarcely qualify for this series of "English Master Painters." Yet his phenomenal industry, his worship of the human body, his genuine if minor talent, might have led to greater things; the author writes of "unintelligent patronage, especially on the part of dealers, who debauched Etty's imaginative capacities and diverted his attention to painting sentimental simpering nymphs and cupids." The answer is surely that, had he really possessed more than modest gifts, he would have followed a different course. It is amusing and somewhat surprising to realise that as early as 1822 he was being rebuked for pandering to vicious tastes. "Naked figures, when painted with the purity of Raphael, may be endured; but nakedness without purity is offensive and indecent, and in Mr. Etty's canvas is mere dirty flesh." He was to suffer much similar prudish criticism later. Of "Venus and Her Satellites"—as innocuous a display of the feminine carcase as he ever painted—the Observer wrote; "Several ladies we know

is mere dirty flesh." He was to suffer much similar prudish criticism later. Of "Venus and Her Satellites"—as innocuous a display of the feminine carcase as he ever painted—the Observer wrote: "Several ladies we know were deterred from going into the corner of the room to see Leslie's, Webster's and other pictures of merit, to avoid the offence and disgrace Mr. Etty has conferred on that quarter." It is gratifying to read that, after such an attack, the painter sold the picture to a clergyman for just under 300 guineas.

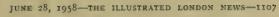
The book contains a complete catalogue of the works, nearly 100 illustrations, and everything that is known about their author; whether he is really worth so much trouble is a matter of opinion. Perhaps I am at fault for reviewing a book about him on the same page as one about a real painter. There is a magical quality about Gainsborough from the very beginning, and it is exciting to watch his progress, to read about his difficult, passionate character; Etty seems to me to have no magic about him, and to have never emerged from the Life School at the Academy—mawkish and immature to the end.



"LANDSCAPE WITH A RUINED ABBEY ON A HILL, FIGURES AND DONKEYS": AN EARLY GAINSBOROUGH LANDSCAPE OF ABOUT 1750. BOTH THESE WORKS ARE IN THE FORTHCOMING EXHIBITION OF THE SIR JOSEPH ROBINSON COLLECTION AT THE R.A. DIPLOMA GALLERY. (Oil on canvas: 24½ by 29½ ins.) Both these Gainsboroughs—one very early and one rather late—are included in the Catalogue in

Both these Gainsboroughs—one very early and one rather late—are included in the Catalogue in Professor Ellis Waterhouse's "Gainsborough" (Edward Hulton), which Frank Davis reviews in his article this week. (They are not illustrated in the book.) They are among an impressive group of Gainsboroughs in the Sir Joseph B. Robinson Collection which is to be shown in the Royal Academy's Diploma Gallery from July 2. This notable collection has been in store in London for many years, and is now being shown by courtesy of Sir Joseph's daughter, Princess Labia, before it is sent to South Africa. There are eighty-four paintings including masterpieces by Frans Hals, Jacob Ruisdael, Ochtervelt, Piero di Cosimo, G. B. Tiepolo, Murillo, and Millais.

† "William Etty." By Dennis Farr. With 96 pages of plates and r in colour. (Routledge and Kegan Paul (English Master Painters Series); 70s.)



THE ART OF ALLAN RAMSAY: A KENWOOD EXHIBITION.



"TWO HANDS; STUDY AFTER BATONI": A DRAWING OF 1737 OR 1738, WHEN RAMSAY WAS ON HIS FIRST VISIT TO ITALY. (Red and white chalk: 81 by 6 ins.) (National Gallery of Scotland.)



"STUDY AFTER SOLIMENA": DRAWN IN 1737 WHEN RAMSAY WAS WORKING UNDER SOLIMENA AT NAPLES. (Black and white chalk: 16% by 10% ins.) (National Gallery of Scotland.)



"A YOUNG MAN STANDING" (1757); A STUDY FOR

"GEORGE III AS PRINCE OF WALES" IN THE EXHIBITION.

" John, Lord mountstuart, later 1st marquess of bute ": A FINE FULL-LENGTH PORTRAIT OF 1759.
(Oil on canvas: 93 by 58 ins.) (The Marquess of Bute.)



FOR THE PURPOSE OF MAKING A DRAWING FOR THE COIN." (Oil on canvas: 25 by 23 ins.) (The Marquess of Bute.)



DURING RAMSAY'S SECOND VISIT TO ITALY (1754-57).



"MARGARET LINDSAY, THE ARTIST'S SECOND WIFE": A REPLICA OF THE FAMOUS PORTRAIT OF c. 1755 IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY OF SCOTLAND.



"SELF-PORTRAIT AT HIS EASEL": PROBABLY PAINTED (Oil on canvas: 24% by 18% ins.) (Sir George Campbell, Bart.) THE work of the Scottish artist Allan Ramsay (1713-1784), who slightly preceded the golden years of eighteenth-century portrait painting, has long been neglected. The magnificent exhibition at the Iveagh Bequest, Kenwood, which continues until September, provides a wide survey of his art in thirty-three paintings and fifty-eight drawings, including a small group by his drapery-painter, Joseph van Haeken. Influenced by his French contemporaries and by his studies in Italy, Ramsay developed as one of the most delicate of portrait painters, and reached his full maturity between 1754 and 1766. He was appointed Painter-in-Ordinary to George III on his accession.

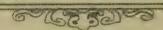


"ANNE BAYNE, THE ARTIST'S FIRST WIFE." RAMSAY MARRIED ANNE BAYNE, THE DAUGHTER OF A PROFESSOR AT EDINBURGH, IN 1739, WHEN THIS PORTRAIT WAS PROBABLY PAINTED. (Oil on canvas: 241 by 19 ins.) (W. R. Law, Esq.)

(Oil on canvas: 30 by 25 ins.) (The Marquess of Lansdowne.)



SCIENCE. THE





UNKINDNESS OF RAVENS. TRADITIONAL

A MONTH ago, Mr. S. D. Sassoon raised a query A in a letter to me which can best be given in his original words: "I am wondering whether you can shed some light on the following problem: in tradition and literature the raven or crow is often regarded as a cruel parent. For instance, in German, a cruel mother is known as a Rabenmutter, German, a cruel mother is known as a *Rabenmutter*, and the verse in the book of Psalms (Psalm 147, verse 9), 'He giveth to the beast his food and to the young ravens which cry,' has been explained on the assumption that the ravens neglect their young. I have never, however, been able to find mention of this in literature on birds, although my knowledge of Natural History literature is, admittedly, scanty. I should be very grateful if you could help me solve this problem."

this problem.'

In the interval between receiving the letter and writing this I have looked into a great variety of books as well as my collection of notes but have found nothing more in explana-tion. In the past, I have found that by publishing a question of this sort on this page information has been sent in response, and I am hoping somebody reading this may be able to help Mr. Sassoon where I am unable to do so.

It may be worth recalling that the collective names for the two birds mentioned are an "unkindness of ravens," and a "murder of crows."
This adds little, however, and I can think of nothing in the parental behaviour of ravens or crows that can have led to a traditional belief in these birds being cruel parents, except one. This is, that predatory animals, whether bird or beast, seem to lose a higher

percentage of their offspring than those they prey upon. This is a rough generalisation and one that it would be difficult to uphold by adequate statistics. It is based upon two things: one gets the impression that it so from the numbers of young owls, crows, rooks, and the like, that are picked up each year, hand-fed and adopted as pets, and, secondly, the populations of predatory animals remain steady, and at low numbers, even when food is moderately abundant. This second is almost an a priori argument, since predators,

being at the head of the food pyramid, must of necessity maintain a fairly low population, or eat themselves out of

The only other thing I can think of is that the raven has a murderous-looking beak, and can easily inflict damage without necessarily having evil intent. Although the raven is not a predator in the normal sense, rather a scavenger, it has the reputation of taking sickly lambs or fawns. We had reason to note the strength of the raven's beak a year or so ago, and the story is closely connected with Jasper, our tame jay.

I have found that some readers of this page do not share my enthusiasm for jays, because these birds rob the nests of smaller birds, and they are inclined, therefore, to see Jasper as an epitome of an avian arch-enemy. If so, then his encounters with two ravens that were formerly lodged in an adjacent aviary become one of "the biter bit." By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

He would fly up to the double wire-netting separating his aviary from that of the ravens, and as a consequence lost two toes of his left foot from their long, murderous beaks. First he lost a joint from the middle toe, then another, and we assumed this might cure him of the habit of trying to harass the ravens, but it did not, and in the end we were compelled to go to considerable trouble to prevent a further repetition. Jasper, his mutilated toes long since healed, is none the worse for his losses, but his scars bear testimony to the range and power of the long and powerful



A BIRD WHICH HAS THE TRADITIONAL REPUTATION OF BEING CRUEL TO ITS YOUNG: THE RAVEN. SUCH A STATE OF AFFAIRS WOULD BE CONTRARY TO KNOWN NATURAL LAWS, AND IT IS DIFFICULT TO DISCOVER ANY REASON WHY SUCH A BELIEF SHOULD HAVE ARISEN. (Photograph by Jane Burton.)



A MALLARD DUCK WITH ITS DUCKLINGS: A PICTURE OF MATERNAL DEVOTION, YET IN MANY INSTANCES THE LARGE BROODS ARE SPEEDILY REDUCED IN NUMBERS, PARTLY, IT WOULD SEEM, FROM THE CLUMSINESS OF THE PARENT.

Photograph by Neave Parker.

Arguing theoretically, it would be contrary to all natural laws that any parents should be cruel to their offspring. If, in any species, there was such a situation habitually, the chances of the species surviving would be prejudiced. From practical observation we know that whatever may practical observation we know that whatever may be the behaviour of animal parents towards members of other species, or even towards those of their own kind, their attitude towards their offspring is entirely devoted. This again is a generalisation, and as such is open to exceptions. In some animals, the chameleon being one, the young must beat a hasty retreat or run the risk of being eaten by the mother. In other species, the rabbit being a good example, the mother must protect her offspring from the attacks of the father. protect her offspring from the attacks of the father.

When we have eliminated these and others of a similar kind we still need to keep in mind two further factors. The first is that parental

abilities differ from species to species. Two that seem to contrast strongly in this respect are the hedge-sparrow and the starling. The dunnock, or hedge-sparrow, appears almost to be accident-prone, both in the adult and the young, which probably accounts for its numbers remainaccident-prone, both in the adult and the young, which probably accounts for its numbers remaining relatively low. And although it may not be possible to put a finger on the precise reasons for the high mortality among the young birds, one is left with the impression that the parental care is not as good as it should be. Certainly, there is little sign of the shepherding of the young, which is so much a feature of the behaviour of starlings, nor is there evidence of an education of the young nor is there evidence of an education of the young,

rudimentary though it may be, that can be seen in starlings. The degree of care of in starlings. The degree of care of the young may be an important factor in the starlings' successful increase in numbers.

> The second factor may be a variability, within a species, in the degree of parental care. The mallard seems to illustrate this well. Some ducks start with a brood of a dozen and in a short time, in some instances a few days, have only one left. A brood of mallard ducklings we had two years ago was rapidly eliminated by the parent until only one remained, and as each casualty occurred it was difficult to exonerate her of sheer clumsiness. Similar eliminations occur also in the wild. But such instances contrast strongly with the episode in St. James's Park, in London. A mallard duck was swimming away with her brood of eleven, but the twelfth had strayed and was well in the rear. A strayed and was well in the rear. A strange drake approached the solitary duckling, which called loudly, whereupon the duck hurled herself across the intervening water, drove off the drake,

and led the lost duckling back to join the rest.

It may be that while the parental ability shows a degree of variation in all species it is more marked in some than others. Ravens may be one of these species, and it might be a combination of observed parental negligence in a few instances and the murderous appearance of the beak that has given the Rabenmutter a bad reputation.

There is yet another possibility, exemplified by the herring gull, which will show the greatest devotion to its chicks while they are on the nest.

It sometimes happens, however, that a nestling will stray precociously. If the parent encounters it a short way from the nest it may kill it and eat it, the gull being unable to recognise its young at that stage, apart from its association with the nest. Such a situation becomes possible because the herring gull nests on ledges on cliffs and because the chicks can walk freely at a fairly early age.

This may have nothing to do with the traditional belief about ravens, but such belief could have arisen from a behavioural trick of this kind. It is significant also that although many ravens next in trees, where behaviour comparable with that of the herring gull is hardly possible, others nest on sea-cliffs or on rocks and in quarries inland, where the youngsters could conceivably stray pre-cociously. Both parents leed the chicks for five to six weeks, a sufficiently long period to permit of occasional parental lapses.

PERSONALITIES AND OCCASIONS OF THE WEEK.



GREAT CRICKET CAPTAIN : E LATE MR. D. R. JARDINE THE LATE MR. D. R. JARDINE.
Douglas Jardine, who died in
Switzerland on June 18, was born
in 1900 and educated at Winchester and New College, Oxford,
where he gained a cricket Blue.
He later played for Surrey and
England and captained the English
team in Australia, 1932-33—when
England won four Tests, largely
owing to Larwood's controversial
"bodyline" fast bowling.



OPPOSED IRON AND STEEL BILL:
THE LATE MR. A. EDWARDS.
Mr. Alfred Edwards, who died on
June 17, aged 70, represented East
Middlesbrough in the Commons
for fifteen years, first as Labour
M.P., 1945-48; as an Independent,
1948-49, and as a Conservative,
1949-50. He was a leading figure
in the campaign against the
nationalisation of iron and steel
and was expelled from the Labour
Party in 1948.



A POSTHUMOUS G.C.: 2ND LIEUT.

M. P. BENNER.

2nd Lieutenant Michael Benner,
Royal Engineers, has been posthumously awarded the George Cross
for great gallantry, it was announced
in the London Gazette on June 17.
During mountain training in Austria,
2nd Lieutenant Benner, "with
supreme courage and devotion sacrificed his life" in a vain attempt to
save a sapper who had missed his
footing. A POSTHUMOUS G.C.: 2ND LIEUT.

PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE AND EVENTS OF NOTE.



COMPTROLLER AND AUDITOR-

COMPTROLLER AND AUDITOR-GENERAL SINCE 1946: THE LATE SIR FRANK TRIBE.

Sir Frank Tribe, who was 64 and was Comptroller and Auditor-General of the Exchequer and Audit Department, collapsed while attending a ceremony at Clifton College, Bristol, on June 20 and died. He reported on Government spending and drew attention, when necessary, to examples of official waste.



A WELL-KNOWN ARCHITECT DIES :

A WELL-KNOWN ARCHITECT DIES:
MR. WELLS COATES.
Mr. Wells Wintemute Coates, the noted architect, died recently, aged 62. He was a pioneer in introducing modern architecture into Britain, and was recently working on plans for the new town of Iroquois, on the St. Lawrence Seaway, and for development in Vancouver. He served in both World Wars. His interests included art and furniture design wars. and furniture design



(Left.) ARRIVING IN LONDON : DR. JAGAN, OF BRITISH GUIANA.

GUIANA.

Dr. Jagan, leader of the People's Progressive Party and Minister for Trade and Industry in British Guiana, arrived in London by air on June 22 as a member of an official delegation, which was to have talks with the Secretary of State for the Colonies. Finance for British Guiana development was to be discussed.



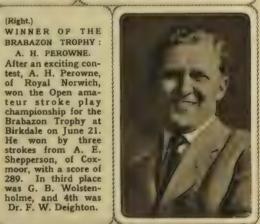




THE INTERNATIONAL WOMEN'S GOLF TOURNAMENT: THE VICTORIOUS ENGLISH

THE INTERNATIONAL WOMEN'S GOLF TOURNAMENT: THE VICTORIOUS ENGLISH SIDE WHO DEFEATED IRELAND ON JUNE 21.

The International Women's Golf Tournament was won by England at Hunstanton on June 21. They defeated Ireland by four matches to three, and survived the tournament without being defeated. The final placings were: England, three wins; Ireland, second with two wins; Scotland, third with one; and Wales, who won no matches, fourth. In the group above are: (standing, I. to r.,) Alison Gardner (reserve), Mrs. A. Howard, Mrs. M. Spearman, Miss M. Nichol; (seated, 1. to r.) Mrs. A. Bonallack, Miss Jeanne Bisgood, Mrs. Sutherland Pilch (non-playing captain), Miss E. Price and Miss B. Jackson. Scotland won in the three previous years.



DISTINGUISHED AMERICAN ADMIRAL DIES: VICE-ADMIRAL R. L. GHORMLEY.
The death of ViceAdmiral R. L. Ghormley, formerly of the
United States Navy,
who held important
posts in the Pacific
between 1940 and
1944 and who organised and led the Allied
attack on the Solomon Isles in 1942,
was announced recently. He was 69
and retired from the R. L. GHORMLEY. cently. He was 69 and retired from the U.S. Navy in 1946.



AFTER THE SECOND TEST MATCH: THE ENGLAND SIDE WHO DEFEATED NEW ZEALAND

BY A COMFORTABLE MARGIN AT LORD'S.

The second Test match ended at Lord's on June 21 in a victory for England, who defeated
New Zealand by an innings and 148 runs. In the group above are: (standing, 1. to r.)
P. E. Richardson, Trueman, M. J. K. Smith, M. C. Cowdrey, Loader, Lock; (seated, 1. to r.)

Evans, T. E. Bailey, P. B. H. May, Laker and Graveney.



OPENING THE LONDON EXHIBITION OF THE WORK OF TERENCE CUNEO (RIGHT): LORD ALANBROOKE SPEAKING AT THE R.W.S. GALLERIES, 26, CONDUIT STREET, ON JUNE 18. Lord Alanbrooke opened the exhibition of paintings by Terence Cuneo, which continues until July 5. The exhibition includes several of Mr. Cuneo's paintings of Royal occasions, among them that of the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret at the opening of Lloyd's new building last November. There is also a group of Mr. Cuneo's amusing Tombstone, Arizona, paintings.

TITO THE SELESTRATED LONDON NEWS

THE TERRITORIAL
ARMY'S GOLDEN
JUBILEE:

THE QUEEN AT
THE GREAT
PARADE IN
HYDE PARK.

OFFICIAL celebrations marking the Golden Jubilee of the Territorial Army were held in London on June 22. In the afternoon some 8000 Territorials were inspected by the Queen, who was accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh, in Hyde agrand march past in which her Majesty took the salute at a grand march past in which her Majesty took the salute at a saluting-base at Stanhope Gate, in the East Carriage Drive. The day before, there had been thanksgiving services at Westminster Abbey and Westminster Cathedral. A special honour was accorded to the Honourable Artillery Company, which is the senior regiment of the grient of the British Army. Forty-eight men of the H.A.C.'s infantry battalion mounted the 24-hour Royal guard at Buckingham Palace, which they had also been





DE TEMPERATED LONDON NEWS-11.12
JUNE 28, 1958

A PRIVILEGE FOR THE HONOURABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY, THE SENIOR REGIMENT OF THE TERRITORIAL ARMY: THE CONTINGENT ARRIVING TO MOUNT THE 24-HOUR ROYAL GUARD AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE.



"EYES LEFT!": MEMBERS OF THE W.R.A.C. (T.A.) PASSING THE QUEEN AT THE SALUTING-BASE IN THE EAST CARRIAGE DRIVE IN HYDE PARK.





DURING THE REVIEW: HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF THE PARADE THE TERRITORIALS, NUMBERING ABOUT 8000, MARCHED



(Right.)
ANOTHER VIEW OF THE MARCH-PAST: A UNIT CARRY-ING COLOURS PASSING THE SALUTING-BASE.

privileged to do in 1938. The privileged to do in 1938. The march-past, in which Colours were all the colours of the colour of t

(Left.)
THE THANKSGIVING SERVICE
AT WESTMINSTER ABBEY:
MEMBERS OF THE WOMEN'S
ROYAL ARMY CORPS (TERRITORIAL ARMY) AND TERRITORIALS MARCHING INTO THE
ABBEY.



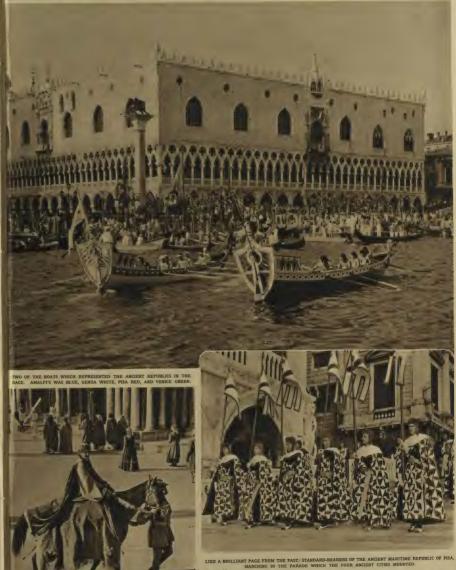




ON June 15, the day after the opening of the great art exhibition of the Venice Biennale, Venice brought to life in the Grand Canal and the Plazza its great painters of the past and particularly Canaletto and Guardi, who delighted to paint its carnivals and regattas—in the Regatta of the Ancient Maritime Republics. The four Ancient Maritime Republics are Venice herself, Genoa, Pisa and Amalfi; and the Regatta is an annual festivity which began at Genoa in 1935, continued at Pisa in 1956, was celebrated at Amalfi in 1957; and this year completed the round at Venice. Each of the republics staged a parade, by recalling in costume

A NOBLE AND IMPRESSIVE FIGURE AGAINST SAN MARCO'S DOMES AND THE CAMPANILE: A MOUNTED KNIGHT IN ARMOUR OF THE PISAN PARADE.

THE CANVASES OF CANALETTO COME TO LIFE: SCENES FROM THE REGATTA OF THE ANCIENT MARITIME REPUBLICS, AT VENICE.



content of the Venical Park. V PISA LIKEWISE CELEBRATED A FAMOUS WOMAN; AND HERE RIDES CINZICA DE' NEMONDI, WHO ROUSED THE CITY WHEN IT WAS ATTACKED BY THE SARACENS.

THE WORLD OF THEATRE THE

WORD FROM MOSCOW.

By J. C. TREWIN.

WHEN I met a leading British pro-Art Theatre performance of "The Cherry Orchard" at Sadler's Wells, he wore an expression that both the dramatist and actor of Burleigh's Nod would have recognised. He was saying, in a glance, that there had never been such a revival of Chekhov as this; that it could not be repeated

by a British company; and had I known anything more extraordinary than the last moments when the axe was laid to the root of the cherry trees, and old Firs was left alone in the shuttered

On the way back from the pillarbox, where we had met, he put into words all he had said in his look. Personally, I am not so dubious about our attempts to stage Chekhov over here. Even after the Moscow production—which, I agree, was something that comes once only in a playgoing life—I was remembering the qualities of the last Gielgud revival at Hammersmith: the late Esmé Percy, for example, as that wandering, lovable failure, Gayeff, who will go, billiards jargon and all, into a bank ("I'm a financier... red in the middle"). In praising the Russian company—and, goodness knows, Russian company—and, goodness knows, it is hard not to over-praise it—we ought not, I think, to abase ourselves entirely.

That said, we must be grateful indeed for a classical exposition of the way in which to act Chekhov—allowing, of course, for certain variations that I think course, for certain variations that I think mattered (to some of us) more in theory than in practice. I would have found it easier to write immediately after leaving the play, with excitement and memory still sharp. As it is, delay has proved that the beauty of the Russian performance is in the astonishing completeness of the ensemble. At this lapse of time I am not able to explain just what, say, Madame Ranevsky did at a given split-second; or, in "Uncle Vanya," to plot the precise stage manœuvre at the difficult end of the third act; or, in "The Three Sisters," to re-create the technique of the complex luncheon scene. But I can, the complex luncheon scene. But I can, and do, see all three plays clearly as a whole. (I wish we had had "The Seagull" as well, instead of the modern piece called "The Troubled Past.")

As I observed the other day, there can be occasions—though these are very rare—when acting and being fuse, and one feels that it is almost needless to applaud the players for coming upon the stage to interpret themselves. That is the perfection of team-playing: that is what the Moscow cast achieves.

Naturally, when we do not know the language, we must remember with special clarity such famous moments as the distant breaking of the string during the second act of "The Cherry Orchard": or the counterpoint of the during the second act of "The Cherry Orchard"; or the counterpoint of the third act, with the dance whirling in the background; or the storm during the second act of "Uncle Vanya"; or the false-beard passage in the last act of "The Three Sisters." But during performance at Sadler's Wells the language was

performance at Sadler's Wells the language was never a bar. These characters were so true to my own idea of Chekhov (even if there were various shifts of emphasis that, frankly, did not endanger belief for a moment) that I could greet them as old friends, often without troubling to consult the programme to find an artist's name.

Once or twice, it is true, I did appear to be meeting people for the first time, usually in the smaller parts, which had the same immaculate treatment as the major ones. Certainly I met freshly

Dunyasha, the sentimental maidservant of "The Cherry Orchard": Clementina Rostovtseva had thought herself deeply into the part, just as we saw, on the next night, she had done with Natasha of "The Three Sisters." On each occasion I found it hard to detach my gaze. I looked on the first night for Clementina Rostovtseva's



"ALWAYS THE ENSEMBLE MEANT MORE THAN THE INDIVIDUAL": A SCENE FROM THE MOSCOW ART THEATRE COMPANY'S PRODUCTION OF CHEKHOV'S "THE CHERRY ORCHARD" AT SADLER'S WELLS.



AT A RECEPTION HELD FOR THE MOSCOW COMPANY AT SADLER'S WELLS: THE THREE RUSSIAN ACTRESSES (L. TO R.), MISS RAYISSA MAXIMOVA, MISS KIRA IVANOVA AND MISS MARGARITA YURIEVA, WHO PLAYED IRINA, OLGA AND MASHA IN "THE THREE SISTERS."

name, because her Dunyasha had grown miraculously from what sometimes is the hazy background of the play. Still, it was a company without specific stars, never over-balanced by obtrusive bravura work here, a fussy bit of

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"THE TAMING OF THE SHREW" (Open Air) .- The second play of the new Play Pastoral season. (June 23

"FOR ADULTS ONLY" (Strand).—A new revue by Peter Myers and Alec Grahame, with music by Ronald Cass. (June 25.)

direction there. Always the ensemb meant more than the individual, though-Always the ensemble meant more than the individual, though—
after the night was over—one did ask who
played the Lopahkin (it was Sergey Lukyanov),
unforgettable in the intensity of his moment of
triumph; or observed that Margarita Yurieva
had looked at us with the sad eyes of Masha;
or noted that Pavel Massalsky had invested Vershinin with his philosophic

romantic sadness.

As I glance back over a long line of English Chekhov revivals, I find that, when a given play and year are mentioned, one artist or another will come invariably to mind. A year from now, I may discover that the entire Moscow cast is firm in memory, nobody (unless it is the remarkable Clementina Rostovtseva, and that is a personal foible) set above his fellows. Visually, much will remain: the bridal glitter of the cherry orchard in that starling-loud daybreak beyond the windows of the old nursery; the exact reproduction of the "Vanya" rainstorm, and the fading glimmer of sunset in the last act; and the sense of autumnal loss at the close of "The Three Sisters." But these are minor things. Important, I suppose, is the new emphasis now and again; the directors' resolution to let Chekhov appear to have been a hopeful prophet; to show "the life-asserting current in Chekhov's works, his hope for a radiant future for Russia and his fervent dreams of a better life to come." Thus the new edge to Trofimov: his fervent dreams of a better life to come." Thus the new edge to Trofimov; thus the "yearning for a better life" in "The Three Sisters."

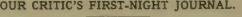
Here I believe that many of the playgoers at Sadler's Wells will have unconsciously (and reasonably) thought of Chekhov in the terms to which they have been used: the dramatist of the unattainable the unattainable,

October—it's their constant mood, Those sunset embers and that fading wood: Far, far, the domes of Moscow; faint the thin, The wistful, sighing of a violin.

We have known the Chekhovian characters so long that they stay in our memories as of old. It did not appear to me at Sadler's Wells that these magnificent performances were presenting the work of "a robust realistic poet." Maybe one can always see what one wants to believe; and I confess here to having looked for the Chekhov I have known and

There it is: it has been an absorbing experience. I wish I could say this of the two latest plays in London, "The Velvet Shotgun" (Duchess) and "Honour Bright" (Lyric, Hammersmith). The first is a frivol, in a Knightsbridge basement flat, about a Canadian girl who is expecting a baby; the second is an invention about a juvenile prodigy (aged fourteen) whose father is the Mayor of New York.

The first (by Christopher Taylor) rests upon acting of some charm by Sarah Marshall—who is the daughter of Edna Best and Herbert Marshall—and a relaxed young man, Conrad Janis: Frith Banbury has directed with his invariable tact. The second has Betty Marsden to point the lines for a secretary, the only really companionable figure in a piece that Donald Ogden Stewart had adapted from the French. Neither play matters. I am sure that when next I meet my director-friend, with a Burleigh's Nod expression, bound for the post, he will have little to say of either work. He may be posting sad letters to the two dramatists: that would not surprise me. not surprise me.



FROM A CONCRETE DOME TO A REJECTED BALLET: HOME NEWS.



ROOFED BY THE LARGEST CONCRETE DOME IN BRITAIN: THE NEW COVERED COURTS BUILDING
AT THE ALL ENGLAND LAWN TENNIS AND CROQUET CLUB, WIMBLEDON.
The new covered courts at Wimbledon, which are intended primarily for practice and coaching, are roofed by a concrete dome spanning 175 ft. and covering an area of more than 15,000 sq. ft.
The dome is supported by columns at the four corners of the building.



AN OLD ENGLISH INN RE-CREATED IN SOME FIVE-HUNDRED-YEAR-OLD CELLARS: A VIEW OF THE UNICORN BENEATH JOHN HARVEY AND SONS' BRISTOL OFFICES

John Harvey and Sons, the Bristol wine merchants, have re-created an old English inn, called

The Unicorn, in their 500-year-old cellars. In this inn, designed by Mr. Alex Waugh, the

1500 guests who go every year to see the cellars will be entertained.



BRITAIN'S BIGGEST HELICOPTER MAKES ITS FIRST FLIGHT: THE WESTLAND WESTMINSTER,



ON BOARD SCEPTRE, BRITISH CHALLENGER FOR THE AMERICA'S CUP: LIEUT.-COMMANDER

SEEN HERE IN ITS UTILITY FORM, IN THE AIR AT YEOVIL.

This is the first photograph of the "flying crane" version of the Westland Westminster helicopter making its maiden flight at Yeovil, Somerset, on June 15. It weighs nearly 14 tons and in its utility form can be used as an aerial crane, carrying its loads from a strongpoint built into the fuselage. In this way it could transport missiles and heavy military equipment suspended beneath it.

GRAHAM MANN, HER HELMSMAN, IN THE COCKPIT AT COWES.

The Royal Yacht Squadron's 12-metre yacht Sceptre, with which Britain is to make the seventeenth attempt to regain the prized America's Cup, recently completed a fortnight of racing trials at Cowes. On June 21 the yacht had a chance to show her paces but unluckily one of her crew fell overboard and the incident cost the challenger the race.



BEING LENT TO THE U.S. NAVY: BRITAIN'S MIDGET SUBMARINE SPRAT SEEN BEING HOISTED ABOARD THE U.S.S. ALCOR AT PORTSMOUTH ON JUNE 20.

Britain's 35-ton midget submarine Sprat was hoisted aboard the United States Navy transport ship Alcor at Portsmouth on June 20. She is being lent by the Royal Navy to the U.S. Navy to take part in tests of harbour defences, and will be manned by R.N. officers and ratings.



UP IN ONE, BUT DOWN PIECE BY PIECE: THE AUSTIN VAN

PLACED BY UNDERGRADUATES ON THE ROOF OF THE SENATE
HOUSE AT CAMBRIDGE BEING REMOVED.

The black Austin van which was placed on the roof of the
Senate House at Cambridge by undergraduates was lowered
piece by piece on June 11. After a team of ten Civil Defence
men had failed in an attempt to lower it to the ground it
was cut into pieces with oxy-acetylene equipment.



WITHDRAWN AFTER ONLY THREE PERFORMANCES: THE BALLET "LE POETE ASSASSINE" SHOWING A SCENE IN WHICH THE POET'S FRIENDS WITNESS HIS AGONY. After its first performance and world première on June 19, Sadier's Wells announced that Pierre Rhallys' ballet "Le Poète Assassiné," a modern version of "Orpheus," presented by the Etoiles de Paris Company, was to be withdrawn. It received adverse criticism from the British Press.



the city sewers.

part of the picture.

ON the first day of August 1944, the city of Warsaw rose against its Nazi occupiers. Through long, incredible weeks, the people of Warsaw continued the struggle, until they were finally defeated, and their city was destroyed by the Nazis in a fanatical and hideous act of revenge. Towards the end, when the battle could no longer the carried on above ground, the fighters took to

be carried on above ground, the fighters took to

This is the simplest and shortest possible description of the background of "Kanal"—Polish for "sewer"—a film starkly forged out of these events, made by the Kadr Unit of Film Polski Productions, and directed by Andrzej Wajda. It is a masterpiece of reconstruction. It might possibly be argued that it should not have been made, but it cannot possibly be argued that it could have been better made.

It does not surprise me at all to note that most of our critics have dodged this film and the issues

of our critics have dodged this film and the issues it raises. Nor does it surprise me to see that the doyenne of the craft, Miss Lejeune, has given it pride of place in her review of a crowded week. She calls the acting "magnificent"—a word that does not come easily to her pen—and notes that the director gets his powerful effects and evokes the sense of claustrophobia without recourse to camera tricks: "The sound track, a spare score of fragments fading off to silence, is an integral part of the picture."

This shrewdest of judges notes further that if "Kanal" has a fault it is that it tells us too little rather than too much. It is a story of the Rising, but almost certainly not the whole story. We are not told in the film that "the heroes fought and clung to life as long as they did in the firm belief that their actions would be sustained by the Russian armies at that time only a few miles out.

Russian armies, at that time only a few miles outside the city of Warsaw." The little group in the film does not even have this unfounded hope to sustain it. But I know they had that hope,

CINEMA. THE WORLD OF THE



FROM POLAND TO LOUISIANA

By ALAN DENT.

This is where I almost "put my foot in it." I said that the film had won high praise everywhere, excepting only in Germany, where two leading Berlin critics complained that there was "too much blood in this film." This was translated to the audience by my interpreter. It was as though a beehive had been accidentally knocked

OUR CRITIC'S CHOICE



SHIRLEY BOOTH AS ALMA DUVAL IN PARAMOUNT'S VISTAVISION FILM "HOT SPELL."

In making his choice Alan Dent writes: "Shirley Booth is once again quite superlative in a new film called 'Hot Spell,' directed by Daniel Mann. It would be a pleasure to see her for a change in something other than the part she has more than once played—the sloppy housewife running to seed, killing her family with kindness. But the actress's technical finesse makes us over and over again forgive the character even at her most irritating. Once more Miss Booth portrays a creature who is intensely human, especially in her failings."

Those who are put off will miss a grim but marvellous piece of reconstruction. The Poles, in fact, especially their architects, have a tremendous flair for the accurate and telling reconstruction of things as they were. They have had plenty of opportunities to exercise it! I salute them. They are an amazing nation, full of humour as well as sheer pluck.

It is possibly too far a cry from Poland to Louisiana, from "Kanal" to an American film called "Hot Spell," which gives us Shirley Booth as yet another of those soppy, waddling mothers she acts so inimitably. Juno, like Homer, may be permitted to nod on occasion. And I note that Miss Lejeune commits herself on the subject of "Hot Spell" to the not very characteristic sentence: "It isn't good, but it's not bad either."

The real weakness of this film—very ably directed though it is by Daniel Mann—is that it goes nowhere and proves nothing. It has an exposition rather than a story. It has Miss Booth as a Louisiana small-town bousewife, baking a cake as a Louisiana small-town housewife, baking a cake for her husband's birthday (inserting forty-five little candles into it and licking her fingers the while) and then spending the rest of the day visiting her two sons and her daughter at their work, and giving all three of them presents to bring back to Poppa in the evening. She is that kind of woman, a startling proof of the theory that one may go much too far in the way of altruism, especially when the quality is centred in a mother. She drives her children to rebellion and defiance, and her husband into an affair with a sluttish siren less than half his age.

The husband is forbearingly played by Anthony The husband is forbearingly played by Anthony Quinn, and the three young people—Shirley MacLaine, Earl Holliman, Clint Kimbrough—give us what Ophelia calls "the unmatch'd form and feature of blown youth, blasted with ecstasy," i.e., blasted with the Stanislavsky Method of acting as America misinterprets it. But the piece



"A GRIM BUT MARVELLOUS PIECE OF RECONSTRUCTION": "KANAL"—A SCENE IN WHICH MADRY (EMIL KAREWICZ) FINDS THAT THE PAINFULLY DISCOVERED WAY OUT OF THE SEWERS HAS LED HIM TO AN S.S. EXECUTION YARD. (LONDON PREMIERE: ACADEMY CINEMA, JUNE 9.)

over by some children playing in a garden. But I held up my hand at once and managed to restore order by reverting immediately to other subjects or, at least, to happier aspects of the same subject.

Of "Kanal" most of my colleagues have said, in effect, that there is "too much distress in it."



BEFORE THEIR DESCENT INTO THE SEWERS: ZADRA, THE COMMANDER (WIENCZYLAW GLINSKI), AND SOME OF HIS MEN IN A SCENE FROM THE POLISH FILM "KANAL," WHICH IS LARGELY SET IN THE SEWERS OF WARSAW, DURING THE ANTI-NAZI RISING IN 1944.

because I have heard survivors in Warsaw—in the deep winter of 1956 when I spent a fortnight there—declaring that this hope's lack of foundation was the ultimate and most bitter disappointment of all.

Having said thus much, I should perhaps leave this topic. Politics not being my strong point, I usually avoid them and almost invariably succeed. Once, though, while I was lecturing at Lodz to an enthusiastic and jovial audience of film-students, I came quite close to the subject and retracted in the nick of time. They were extremely interested in the making of Sir Laurence Olivier's Shakespeare films, and a youth asked me how "Richard III" had been received in Britain and in the rest of Europe.

OTHER CURRENT FILMS.

"UP THE CREEK" (W.B. Generally Released: June 16).—Hearty British comedy with a naval flavour and David Tomlinson, Peter Sellers, and the immitable Wilfred Hyde White. Recommended to the unfastidious. "DRACULA" (Rank. Generally Released: June 16).—Bram Stoker's hoary old thriller yet again—all about a blood-freezing blood-sucker. Recommended to the unsupposatish.

"THE CAMP ON BLOOD ISLAND" (Columbia. Generally Released: June 9).

—A more than merely-sensational account of how the Japanese treated our prisoners in the last war. Recommended to the unsentimental and the thoughtful.

is raised to significance only by the art of Miss

To compare "Hot Spell" with "Kanal" would, of course, be absurd. The comparison simply does not arise, except for the fact that both films happen to have entered one's ken in the same

ppen to have entered one's ken in the same week. One would not dream of comparing the ballad of "Mother Machree" with the most grisly and least played of the Polonaises of Chopin—the haunted and horrifying examples in C minor, E flat minor, and Fsharp minor. To their category of art this haunted and horrifying film "Kanal" belongs, and I could wish that the maddened pianist among the Resistance fighters had played a bar or two of each or any of them when he dramatically meets with a grand piano in the ruins of a with a grand piano in the ruins of a Warsaw mansion-house.

ITALY AND THE GRAND TOUR IN ART: AN IMPORTANT NORWICH EXHIBITION.



"VIEW IN THE GARDENS OF THE COLONNA PALACE, ROME," BY J. R. COZENS (1752-1797): IN THE "EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY ITALY AND THE GRAND TOUR EXHIBITION" AT NORWICH.



"THE TEMPLE OF CONCORD," BY JONATHAN SKELTON, WHO DIED IN ROME IN ABOUT 1758-59. (Water-colour: 14½ by 20½ ins.) (T. R. C. Blofeld, Esq.)



"JOHN KER, THIRD DUKE OF ROXBURGHE," A CARICATURE BY THOMAS PATCH (1725-1782) PAINTED IN FLORENCE IN ABOUT 1760. (Oil on canvas: 25% by 20% ins.) (The National Portrait Gallery.)



"SIR JOHN LOMBE," BY POMPEO GIROLAMO BATONI (1708-1787), WHO WAS THE LEADING ITALIAN PORTRAITIST OF ENGLISH VISITORS TO ROME. (Oil on canvas: 37 by 28 ins.) (Vice-Admiral Sir Edward Evans-Lombe.)



"THOMAS WILLIAM COKE, FIRST EARL OF LEICESTER,"
BY BATONI. THE SITTER IS PORTRAYED IN A COSTUME HE
WORE TO A FANCY-DRESS BALL IN ROME IN 1773.

(Oil on canvas: 96% by 67 ins.) (The Earl of Leicester.)



"THE DUOMO AND CAMPANILE, FLORENCE," BY WILLIAM MARLOW (1740-1813), WHO TRAVELLED IN ITALY BETWEEN 1765 AND 1768. (Water-colour: 13\frac{1}{2} by 20\frac{3}{2} ins.) (T. R. C. Blofeld, Esq.)

Under the title "Eighteenth-Century Italy and the Grand Tour" the Norwich Castle Museum has arranged a most interesting loan exhibition, which continues until July 20. Throughout the eighteenth century the Grand Tour formed an essential part of English upper-class education, and the ultimate goal of all the young English travellers was Italy. Here they were encouraged to form their taste and to become acquainted with the arts and artists, while many of



"H.R.H. EDWARD, DUKE OF YORK, AND HIS FRIENDS IN FLORENCE," BY RICHARD BROMPTON (1734-1783). (Oil on canvas: 48 by 63 ins.) (Reproduced by gracious permission of H.M. the Queen.)

them acquired paintings and other works of art which they brought back with them. The Norwich exhibition provides a wide survey of the customs and results of the Grand Tour, showing the work of British artists who travelled in Italy, often as the companions of young gentlemen on the Grand Tour, and of Italian and other foreign artists who were patronised by the English when in Italy. It illustrates the stimulating influence of the Grand Tour.

A FISH OUT OF WATER: THE MUD SKIPPER AS AN UNUSUAL PET.

WHEN the New York Aquarium has a mud skipper among its exhibits it is extremely popular with visitors, who variously classify it as "the frog that hops and looks like a fish" and "the fish that hops like a frog." The mud skipper (Periophthalmus) lives in the tropical mangrove swamps tropical mangrove swamps and mud-flats of Africa, Asia and mud-flats of Africa, Asia and Australia, leaving the water at low tide, to skip over the mud in search of food. It is characteristic of these fish that they spend more time out of water than in it. While out of water their leave their leave gill they keep their large gill-chambers full of air and frequently leave their tail in frequently leave their tail in water as an added organ of respiration. Their large eyes are set on the top of the head and can be turned in all directions. Sometimes they can be seen with one eye turned forward, looking out for food, and the other [Continued opposite.]

(Right.)
A FISH WHICH MOVES WITH
A HOP, SKIP AND A JUMP:
THE MUD SKIPPER SEEN HERE
STANDING ON ITS TAIL DURING
A CHARACTERISTIC LEAP.





ONLY 5 OR 6 INS. LONG BUT ONE OF THE MOST REMARKABLE OF ALL FISH: THE MUD SKIPPER, SEEN LYING ON A MAN'S HAND.



THE FISH WITH THE FROG-LIKE HEAD: THE MUD SKIPPER HAS EYES WHICH MOVE INDEPENDENTLY AND IN ANY DIRECTION.





HAVING BREAKFAST WITH THE DIRECTOR OF THE NEW YORK AQUARIUM, DR. C. W. COATES: A MUD SKIPPER MAKING ITS WAY TOWARDS A WORM. SURVEYING THE WORLD FROM THE SECURITY OF DR. COATES'S POCKET: THE MUD SKIPPER, WHICH CAN SEE FOR A DISTANCE OF ABOUT 25-30 FT.

Photographs by Lilo Hess.

A QUEER FISH: THE MUD SKIPPER, WITH ITS FROG-LIKE HEAD.



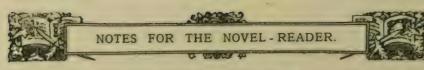
SHOWING THE LARGE EYES WHICH ARE SET ON TOP OF ITS HEAD: AN ENLARGED VIEW OF THE HEAD OF A MUD SKIPPER (PERIOPHTHALMUS).



ON THE GRAVEL BED OF THE AQUARIUM: THE MUD SKIPPER, WHICH MOVES OVER MUD-FLATS WITH A KIND OF ROWING ACTION OF THE PECTORAL FINS.

Continued.]
looking backwards, on the watch for lurking enemies. Visitors to the Aquarium have been particularly intrigued by the mud skipper's disarming habit of seeming to wink with one eye at a time, which gives it a ludicrous and cynical appearance. When moving over the mud-flats these curious fish pull themselves forward with their pectoral fins, which are attached to the end of a kind of arm, but when they want to move more quickly they do so by means

of a hop, skip and jump. At the time when these photographs were taken Dr. C. W. Coates, the Director of the New York Aquarium, had a mud skipper in his home as a pet. It joined him at the breakfast table, where it always found a nice juicy worm waiting for it in an ashtray. At times it would sit in Dr. Coates's pocket, from which vantage point it would gaze, with its large eyes, upon the world around it with apparent interest.



THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

IT is a truism that fiction and reality have no frontier. Some "novels" T are unquestionably, and some embarrassingly, made up; others you may call fiction if you like, or as a matter of form. I must own that I should never have called "The Stars Grow Pale," by Karl Bjarnhof (Methuen; 16s.; translated by Naomi Walford), a work of fiction; even now I can't see it like that, or imagine anyone—even without the note on its Danish author—seeing it as "made up." It has the form of a story; and the substance would be as gripping and original under any name.

The scene is a small provincial town, about fifty years ago: the theme, a small boy's advance to blindness. I suppose one should start with that;

the author does, and it is certainly the main thread. But if it suggests going blind in a vacuum, or at a unique level of interest, nothing could be further wrong. What we get is the whole drama of a child's life, in an unforgettable little antique world. The boy's father is Swedish—an unskilled labourer, melancholic and sometimes frighteningly deranged. His mother makes paper bags. Night after night, they don't speak. Father sits staring in front of him, twiddling a matchbox; mother pastes and folds; and the boy wishes they "lived like other people." That is his cross; for himself, he wouldn't mind failing to spot things, or running into them. But soon the boys in the yard declare him "too stupid to see the ball" (though he can see it quite well, if he could only spot it). They chase him well, if he could only spot it). They chase him away, like Silly Anders. Then his mother gets after him. He mustn't be "awkward"; he must try to behave like other boys. In class, he is growing stupider every day. Till it emerges that he can't see the board; and after that he has to hide in the lavatory during break.

But in all this misery—the misery of rejection, humiliation, eternal "fuss"—he never worries about his sight: not then or later, when the trail to

specialist has begun.

There are piercing moments: for instance, when it dawns on him that the blind girls at the Home can't see anything. And one Christmas Night, when he goes for a walk under the stars—and there are no stars. They have faded out. But he doesn't mention it. . . . Even now I have hardly touched the main theme; and what is more remarkable is the extraordinary depth and sharpness of the whole picture. It is so real, and so felt, as to be haunting: yet, in its beauty and poignant dreariness, very far from glum.

OTHER FICTION.

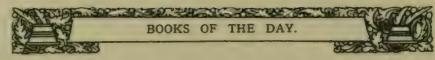
"As Music And Splendour," by Kate O'Brien (Heinemann; 16s.), is decidedly "made up," though with tact and grace. It is a story of Italian opera at its peak, and of a couple of Irish girls whisked to Europe to become divas. Clare and Rose meet in the year 1887 at their first singing-school, a convent in Paris. Both are childishly naïve; both are homesick; both have soprano voices. From that point they are delicately contrasted; Rose is the sweet Irish rose, the true Verdi heroine, Clare the austere lily. Together they take their first fence, and become students in Rome. Together—since it is now impossible to keep the rules of their childhood—they fall in love. Both on wings of song: Rose with her French tenor in "I Puritani," Clare with the Spanish Luisa—Orpheus to her Eurydice. Together, they become unhappy in love. Not quite together, they make a name: Rose first, as Desdemona at La Scala, Clare later and less obtrusively in Naples as Glück's Alceste. And in their fifth year everything is wound up, ready for Part II; one feels there ought to be a Part II. The research is thorough, the story both intelligent and delightful. But rather flat. Miss O'Brien is so concerned not to vulgarise, not to be lush, not to coarsen the difference between her heroines, that she has lost edge.

"The Rainbow Has Seven Colours," by Nadia Legrand (Macmillan; 12s. 6d.), is " made up out the story. What is the truth about Florence Sainclair, a young Parisian widow? Is she good or bad? is she a strong soul, a bitch, a siren, a loving mother or a snake in the grass? The writer calls seven witnesses, ranging from a little girl to a remarkable slight remarkably slight acquaintance: but not Florence herself, or the one other informed person—the lover all the fuss is about. At the end I had no idea of

But the her, and didn't care adoring young girl we have a figure of real vitality, at an explicit crisis.

I should have liked to change over.

"Case For The Defence," by Mary Fitt (Macdonald; 12s. 6d.), rings one more of the author's crime-changes. Here we start at the end: what could excuse the gassing of four elderly people, after tea, by their prop and stay? Then time runs back, to the double wedding of the Crane brothers—sons of the Rev. Henry, of Morlock Grammar School-more than twenty years ago. We see the excellence of their home, their fraternal amity, the love, worth and suitability of their brides—in brief, that all is far sunnier than usual. And so it goes on for years. The plot, after that warning shadow, is quite straight, and very effective on its merits. But as a result, the promised end fades away; and when we come to it, it doesn't come off. K. JOHN.



FROM NAVAL HISTORY TO ANTARCTIC ADVENTURE.

THERE is no doubt that the late Admiral Keyes's action at Zeebrugge on St. George's Day, 1918, is one of the really great stories of naval heroism. It came at a time when the Allied forces were being hard-pressed on land, and the British Navy had for some time been prevented from taking any decisive offensive action. Keyes himself, who had not long taken over command at Dover, had had to alter the whole conception of patrolling the Strait so as to prevent German submarines from getting through the English Channel. A new book by Barrie Pitt, "Zeebrugge" (Cassell; 18s.), tells the story of how the action was planned and carried out, and paints for us the

portraits of those who took part in it. However jaded may be one's palate for military and naval adventure, in either of the two Great Wars, this is a book which one cannot put down. It is as graphic and exciting as any film ever made. The spirit of the whole expedition was that of the Admiral himself-simple, gallant and fearless—and in this spirit the carefully chosen team spent a night accomplishing miracle after miracle of daring. Since the plan had necessarily to depend on careful co-ordination of a number of movements, it is not easy to describe or to follow. But the maps provided in this book made it clear enough, and Mr. Pitt's method of following the fortunes of one group after another keeps up the tension of his narrative. He shows us first Vindictive herself, sailing in under heavy fire at point-blank range to take up her position at the Zeebrugge Mole and land her assault troops. Then we move up with submarine C_3 , well and truly rammed under the viaduct in order to blow it up. Meanwhile the blockships themselves have been steaming round inside the Mole, in order to reach the entrance to the canal, where they were duly sunk. This was, of course, the object of the whole exercise, for which so many lives were given and such incredible risks run.

Was it worth it? Of course it was, and Mr. Pitt fairly and dispassionately sums up the arguments on each side. "There is no valid reason," he concludes, "for decrying the success of the Zeebrugge Raid." But far more important than its immediate tactical success was the boost to British and Allied morale, and the corresponding effect upon Ludendorff and the German Army. "By the events of one night," writes Mr. Pitt, "the German soldier was robbed of his belief in both the invincibility of the Wehrmacht and the imminent disintegration of the Allies, and gone also were any High Command hopes of throwing into the main battle the weight in men and material held by the Belgian coastal defences. This was undoubtedly a grievous blow; it is not inconceivable that it was mortal." The man who dealt it is well described: "Keyes was eager youth—all his life. . . . To him, people were the factors of importance and reality, not the systems by which they may or may not achieve happiness and success. He would have died for his King or his Country without a moment's hesitation, but it is doubtful whether he ever really grasped the implications of that useful word 'expediency'." And at the end Mr. Pitt quotes from one of the letters received by Lady Keyes after the Admiral's death: "His voice was the voice of England because it always rang true, like precious metal tempered in the fire. The names of Keyes and Zeebrugge still have the power to rouse us, and we must be grateful to Mr. Pitt for sounding this trumpet-call once more, on so high and true a note.

Quite another kind of courage is required for Antarctic explorations, and my innate distaste for this exercise has been sharpened by reading Commander Bursey's "Antarctic Night" (Longmans; 18s.). Here is a man who confesses that he spent his boyhood in Newfoundland learning how to drive dogteams and hardening his physique for the vocation which he saw so clearly. Then he joined Admiral Byrd's expedition of 1928, returning to the Antarctic twice more in those of 1939 and 1955. Commander Bursey is an expert with dogs, and loves them. His descriptions of Luny and King, the two leaders of the teams which he drove, are among the best passages in his book. Above all, he tells us of the horrors of the long Antarctic night, when curious things happen to men's minds: "The ridges of snow all look alike. Objects stand out like black monsters. . .

run for dear life, not looking back in fear of seeing the Thing that is following. . . . Oh yes, it is like that. It has happened to me, and I have seen it happen to others." I shall, by remaining in temperate

climates, take very good care that it never happens to me!

I now propose, for a few lines, to be seasonable. From June onwards, we "do like to be beside the seaside," and those who are not content to take their pleasures lazily will enjoy "Collins Pocket Guide to the Sea Shore" (Collins; 25s.), by John Barrett and C. M. Yonge. Here you have a guide which will identify for you all the creatures and plants which you can possibly expect to meet on the shore.

Those who prefer cricket to the seaside will want the 1958 edition of "Wisden" (Sporting Handbooks Ltd.; 16s. or 18s. 6d., according to binding), edited by Norman Preston. Lord Birkett contributes a little masterpiece of an essay entitled "The Love of Cricket."

E. D. O'BRIEN.

HIATTAMITATITATATATATATATATATATATA CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

DURING the thirty years or so I have been a looker-on at the game of international chess, no development has impressed me more than the intensifying of opening analysis. It is almost a waste of time nowadays for even an experienced master to enter a tournament without weeks of preliminary study. preliminary study.

Here are two instances of the sort of thing that can happen. The gifted young Dane, Larsen, playing in the latest of the series of international events at the Argentine resort Mar del Plata, lost only one game, to Panno; because his opponent had, in "training" analysis, unearthed a big improvement on all previous play on move nineleen.

	SICILIAN	DEFENCE.	
LARSEN	PANNO	LARSEN	PANNO
White	Black	White	Black
1. P-K4	P-QB4	11. P-K5	P-Kt5
2. Kt-KB3	Kt-QB3	12. P×P	$P \times Kt$
3. P-04	$P \times P$	13. 0×P	B-KB1
4. Kt×P	Kt-B3	14. P-B5	Q-R4
5. Kt-OB3	P-03	15. P×P	$\tilde{P} \times P$
6. B-KKt5	P-K3	16. B × Kt	$P \times B$
7. 0-02	P-OR3	17. 0×P	R-KKt1
8. Castles	B-02	18. B-B4	B-Kt2
9. P-B4	B-K2	19. Q-R4	R-Kt1
10 1/4 102	D WAA		

The new move. The analysts, though they have recently been giving this variation a lot of attention, had hitherto found nothing better than 19...Q-Kt5, which is not too effective against 20. Q-R5ch, K-Q1; 21. B-Kt3.

20. B-Kt3 21. RP×R 22. K-Q2 R×B I 23. Q×P 24. Q-R5ch 25. Q-R4ch Q-R8ch Q×P

Not 25.... K-Br, as 26. Q-QB4 would then give White some chances. If Panno thought Larsen was about to accept a draw by repetition of moves, he is soon rudely disillusioned.

26. Q-R5ch 27. Q-QB5 R-B2

This loses quickly; the whole point being, what would have happened after 27. Kt-Kt5...? The variations are extremely complex, but in every one, it seems, White's king is exposed to a crushing attack. Black's rook plays a part, even though pinned and threatened, by denying the king passage beyond the KB file.

For instance (27. Kt-Kt5), 27. . . . B-B6ch; 28. K-Q3 (or 28. K-Q2, Q × BPch) 28. . . . Kt-Kt5ch; 29. K-K2, B-Kt4ch (better than 29. . . . Q × BPch here); 30. K-K3, Kt×Pch; 31. K-K4, B-QB3ch; 32. K-Q3, Kt-Kt5ch and mates in two moves.

R-B4 Kt-K4 B-R3ch 30. K-Q3 R×Kt Resigns

There is no answer to the threats of 31.... B-QKt4 and 31.... R-K6ch; 32. K-Q2, R-K5 dis ch.

Larsen never had a chance after move nineteen; if there is a hole in Panno's attack, Panno and his friends had certainly not unearthed it in their pregame analysis, so Larsen would have had to be inspired to discover it without moving the pieces and within the minutes only which were probably all he had left of his time at that stage.

The second dymphounding occurrence of this type

The second dumbfounding occurrence of this type recently was in a game between Schmid and Ivkov in a Western Germany v. Yugoslavia match, where Ivkov introduced an improvement on previous play on the twenty-seventh move....

"But how did Ivkov know Schmid was going to play all those previous twenty-six moves, so as to reach that position?" He didn't, of course. He probably had a shrewd expectation for—it is all part of the game—he had undoubtedly studied Schmid's predilections and decided what he was likely to play.

Even had Schmid deliberately diverged, scenting the snare ahead, he might have only run headlong into another; for the top-rank masters come equipped not with one opening improvement, or twenty, but a whole armoury!

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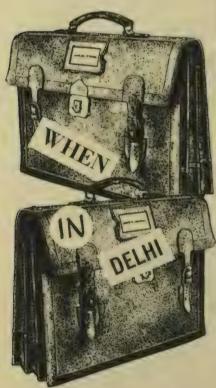
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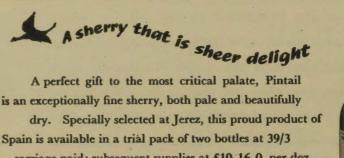
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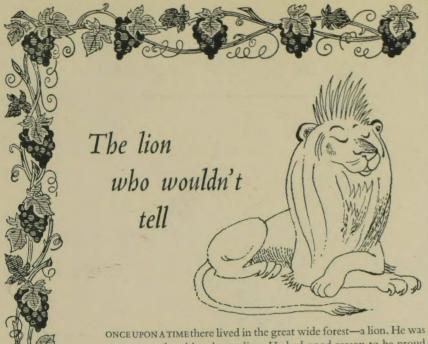
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a very proud and handsome lion. He had good reason to be proud because he had lived in the forest a long time and had helped to make it the very great, wide forest it was.

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only yawned.
"Women are unpredictable. Cubs must learn the hard way I suppose" growled the lion, stalking off to restore his self-esteem at the Council of Beasts.

But although the animals all recognised him, he was Absolutely Astounded to find that they weren't quite sure what he was doing

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forest. I've lived and walked in it for a long time. It needs me and I need it.

So he shyly whispered a few Home Truths about himself. And the wind picked them up, rustled them down the grapevine and into his cave

Then the lion stated some Hard Facts about himself. And the wind took his words through the grapevine and spread them around

Finally, the lion murmured his Hopes for the Future, and the wind sighed over the grapevine and wafted them among the Council of Beasts.

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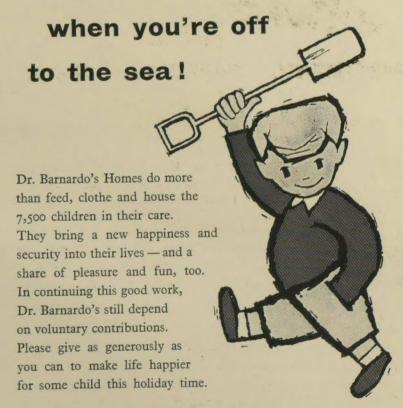
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